

LOAN DESK
LOAN DESK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

1914 STATE
TEACHERS COLLEGE

JUL 14 1931

LIBRARY

No. 3949. Vol. 152
FOUNDED 1855

4 July 1931

Price Sixpence

[PRINTED ON A NEWSPAPER]

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	1	IMPRESSION. By E. F. S. Buxton: Borotra	15	The Golden East	24
LEADING ARTICLES:		THE THEATRE. By Gilbert Wakefield: 'Late Night Final.' 'Inquest' ...	17	Robert Graves's Poems (1926-1930). By Geoffrey Grigson	25
The Conservative Task ...	4	THE FILMS. By Mark Forrest: 'Svengali.' 'Dishonoured' ...	18	Sir Philip Sidney	25
The Boycott in India ...	5	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	18	Schliemann of Troy: The Story of a Goldseeker. By W. Thomson Hill ...	26
Who "Comes to Britain"? ...	6	NEW NOVELS. By H. C. Harwood	21	Captain Basil Hall: Travels in India and Ceylon. Dress, Drinks and Drums: Further Studies of Savages and Sex. Lagooned in the Virgin Islands. Hidden Wealth and Hiding People	27
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		REVIEWS:		SHORTER NOTICES	28
The Case for the Fleet Air Arm	7	Common Sense and the Child. By Bertrand Russell	22	THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS	28
Keeping Pace with the Sun. By Capt. Frank M. Hawks	9	A Review of the Effects of Alcohol on Man	22	ACROSTICS	31
The Menace of the Musquash. By S. L. Bensusan ...	10	Nullity of Marriage. By Cyril Martin	23	THE CITY	32
The Noble Art of Telling Lies. By Maurice Dekobra ...	11	Cleopatra: A Royal Voluptuary. By Osbert Burdett ...	23	CROSS WORD PUZZLE ...	34
"That's Red Ike, That Was." By Beverley Nichols ...	12	Ich Dien: The Tory Path. By William Sanderson ...	24	GRAMOPHONE RECORDS ...	34
People of Importance in Their Day. III—Gilbert Keith Chesterton ...	12				
Fragaria. By Peter Traill ...	13				
The Opera Season and London Audiences ...	16				
VERSE:					
Cosmoclassm. By E. V. Warne	11				

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions, which should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and Letters to the Editor should be addressed to the SATURDAY REVIEW. Editorial, Advertising and Publishing Offices, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher. The paper is dispatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT has been debating the details of the land tax, and the discussions have been interesting and, generally speaking, on a reasonably high level of argument. The Government (and the Liberals) have been in trouble all the week over the taxation of playing fields, and the distinction between golf as a legitimate amusement and dog-racing or dirt-track riding as illegitimate. A compromise has been arranged, and the Liberals for once seem to have got the better of Mr. Snowden.

The latest edition of the usual weekly Liberal split has been commented on at more than usual length by the Liberal papers, presumably because Sir John Simon and others have now definitely

decided no longer to receive the party whip. But as they have paid no attention whatever to the party whip for months past, this simply puts in order the position that everybody knows does actually exist; and except for a few more resignations from party executives up and down the country, I cannot see that it makes very much difference.

More important than these death-rattles of the dying party is the international discussion in the capitals of Europe and the outer world of the Hoover plan, which has now been accepted by every country except France. Paris has not so much turned it down as attempted to turn it to the advantage of France, by attaching conditions which would help France and her Balkan allies rather than assist Germany.

"SEEING SWITZERLAND"

Motor Coach Tour
de Luxe

12 Days

visiting

Lucerne, Brunig, Meiringen, Interlaken.
Montreux, Lausanne, Berne, etc.

Includes Stay in
Paris

24 Guineas

PICKFORDS TRAVEL SERVICE, 53/54 Haymarket, S.W.1 (Regent - 8021)

Washington appears to be disturbed rather than surprised by these developments, and is considering how far it is possible to temper the wind to the shorn French lamb, which is so singularly apt to don wolf's clothing as a substitute. Meanwhile the British Dominions have taken advantage of the moratorium—with the notable exception of South Africa, which is more happily circumstanced financially than Canada and Australia—and the British Government has come to the rescue of Indian credit.

In the background of these discussions, but as yet only mentioned in a whisper, is the feeling—or the fear—that the moratorium may prove only a stepping-stone to complete suspension of war-debts, and that this may in itself lead to a breach in the accepted structure, not only of international obligations but of the recognized doctrine of interest payments on capital account. (It is significant that both France and Britain are said to be already considering the possibility of a further moratorium under the Young Plan next year.) This is not the place, nor is the present perhaps the time, to argue these grave matters, but it is well that the situation should be recognized.

This country was once known as the banker of the world, but it really looks as if, in future, its rôle is to be that of the world's uncle, and in that case we may as well do away with the lion and unicorn and substitute the three balls. The old arms of the Medici over the doors of the Treasury, and a procession of Palestinian agriculturists passing in and out, would not only add to the gaiety of Whitehall but would correspond very closely with the facts.

* * *

On the publication of the London Passenger Transport Bill it was pointed out in these columns that the measure, as originally drafted, apparently empowered the Board to run passenger services in Scotland and the West of England. This contingency would appear to have been removed by an agreement between the Minister of Transport and a number of omnibus companies operating in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Dorset, and other counties, under which the Board's monopoly area has been circumscribed.

Until there has been an opportunity to test the practical working of this agreement, I am, however, sceptical regarding its outcome. Theoretically, the Area Commissioners are completely independent; in practice it is difficult to regard them otherwise than appendages of the Ministry of Transport. I am also sceptical of the new Transport Board being a non-political body, despite Mr. Morrison's repeated and impassioned assurances. The Bill is honeycombed with references to what the Minister may, can, or must do; his is the finger in every pie, and the members of the Board will be his nominees.

Even if the Board should escape political influence, it will in the long run inevitably become a bureaucracy. Bureaucratic control always means red tape, and an absence of that flexibility and initiative essential to the efficient working of any large transport undertaking. As for

a bureaucratic monopoly, that has all the vices and none of the virtues of a concern run purely for private profits, but with the important difference that it neither gives the public so good a service nor earns so much money.

Incidentally, there has been a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the London County Council's willingness to regard eight and a half millions as a fair price for its tramways. All that the Council has done has been to safeguard the interests of its ratepayers by securing equitable terms in the event of Parliament deciding in favour of the creation of the Transport Board. But it makes no secret of its hostility to the present form of the scheme. It is also to be noted that the Metropolitan Railway, an essential component of any London traffic combine, has so far been unable to come to terms with the Minister.

* * *

The most important aspect of the Spanish elections is the low poll, and it is doubtful if 50 per cent. of the electors took the trouble to vote. Such being the case, it is clear that the new Cortes cannot claim to be really representative, and here we have one of the major troubles of modern Spain, for the apathy of the people is so great that no regime has ever known upon how much support it can depend in the hour of crisis.

Meanwhile, Navarre has gone solid for the Pretender, Don Jaime, and if he is content with that kingdom there seems to be nothing to prevent him from taking possession of it, and of defending his action on grounds to which neither the most convinced legitimist nor the most advanced democrat can take exception. At the other end of the Peninsula, Catalonia has reaffirmed her separatist aspirations.

In these circumstances, the proposed Constitution does not seem likely to meet with widespread approval. It envisages a unitary State when the centrifugal forces are clearly in the ascendant, and it stabilizes the existing social order at a time when it is every day becoming more evident that those who did most to overthrow the monarchy will not be content with a purely political revolution. Personally, I am following the movements of General Sanjurjo more closely than the manoeuvres of the politicians.

As has been suggested in these columns on previous occasions, the evacuation by Spain of her Moroccan Zone would lead to serious European complications, and I am sorry to see that this is being envisaged in Madrid. Of course, if the Pope could be persuaded to accept the Mandate for the Riff, all would be well, for he is on such bad terms with the leading Powers that his complete impartiality would be assured.

* * *

The propaganda in favour of nationalizing the insurance companies is not particularly novel, nor is it likely to lead to anything. In actual fact, insurance is one of the activities in which private joint stock enterprise has been conspicuously successful, while the State insurance and annuity schemes are

little known and patronized by the public. So long as the private insurance companies are intelligently managed, there seems no cause for change.

It is also being put about that the time has now really come for nationalizing the shipping companies, and I do not know that I blame the unlucky owners of shipping shares for listening to the Socialist sirens; after all, the State could hardly make a worse mess of shipping than some of the directors have done. But this specious argument aside, the nationalizing of what is essentially an international business does not sound promising. Nor has it proved so in the United States or Australia.

Dr. Major's plea for an alternative Creed is attractive, both as a piece of argument and as a substantive suggestion designed to accommodate those who, unlike Lord Brentford, find it impossible to accept the Creeds and Articles as they stand. This applies, of course, more particularly to the Athanasian Creed, but there are some difficulties, as controversies over the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of the Dead in recent years have shown, over the Apostles' Creed.

Since Dr. Major's proposed alternative Creed consists only of texts from the New Testament, it is difficult to see how anybody who goes to church at all can object to it. Criticism, I suppose, would centre on what is omitted rather than on what is inserted, but on this ground, of course, even the existing Creeds are open to challenge. It has always seemed to me a grave weakness of the existing Creeds that they are silent on the question of free-will and moral responsibility.

It was rather astonishing to see a clergyman, at an ecclesiastical conference, objecting to the admission of women to holy orders on the ground that man had been made first by the Creator. Even if it is so, that simple but extremely hypothetical statement seems to me to prove nothing for the priest as against the priestess.

There may be good reasons, unknown to the layman, and not mere trade union prejudice, for maintaining a sex-barrier in the Church that has been removed from the other learned professions of law and medicine. It may be that women's poor bodies are unable to cope with the duties, or their poor brains with the doctrines, of the clerical career. But in that case let us have the real truth, and not a mere trumped-up excuse.

Flying the Atlantic, though still a gamble with fate, is now, in favourable circumstances, no longer a desperate adventure; but Messrs. Post and Gatty, who have flown round the world in nine days, have added a new and important record to the history of the air. It goes without saying that they have taken risks and had adventures, but there is eternal satisfaction in having done something that men have never done before.

Another sad week for British sport. The Ryder Cup hopelessly lost, all our "young hopes" extinguished at Wimbledon, and our new Test Team forced to fight hard for a draw

against New Zealand. The only thing we can do is to fall back on our old consolation, which is wearing a little thin now, that the Englishman still plays for the love of the game, while the rest of the world only play to beat the Englishman.

In the cricket Test, England was not quite at full strength—the famous opening pair, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, were absent, the latter having been omitted owing to an injury from which he had fully recovered by the day that play opened—but it is evident that the New Zealanders are now up to the full Test Match standard. In the circumstances another Test should be arranged later in the season, even if one of the county matches with the visitors has to be scratched.

Congratulations to the Dean of Westminster on his attempt to remove the huge statue of Lord Mansfield from its present prominent position in the Abbey to a more obscure place. This is, I hope, only a beginning of an attempt to clear a church, which must at one time have been extraordinarily beautiful, of those formidable masses of sculpture which now make it almost as reminiscent of Madame Tussaud's as of a house of prayer. The real difficulty, however, is that the architecture has been defaced to make room for the statues.

There are moments when I feel that the only statue which should be tolerated in the Abbey is that of a Dean who is courageous enough to hew all the other statues in pieces before the Lord. Dean Foxley Norris probably cannot rise to these heights of Christian endeavour, which would make Westminster Abbey almost as spaciouly dignified as the rival Westminster Cathedral round the corner. But as late Dean of York, he must sometimes regret the long openness of the northern Minster, by contrast with the Wardour Street-in-stone atmosphere of the national Abbey.

The Trustees of the British Museum have done much to help women's credit this week. In appointing Miss Hoyle, M.A. (Manchester), to the Assistant Keepership in the Department of Manuscripts, they have emphasized the fact that for several years women have been eligible for posts on the Museum's senior staff. At one time it seemed as if the eligibility was a sop offered by the indulgent, kind-hearted male to the well-meaning but quite incompetent female. That a woman should have at last won an appointment should give a new zest to women's endeavours as a whole.

The Soviet Government is slowly advancing; it has this week issued orders promoting university and educational officers, members of the academies of science and scientific research institutes to the rank of factory workers. This promotion entitles them to larger and better rations of food and other commodities, and to a little more respect. This move gives the first hint that the Soviet Government is in danger of becoming civilized. But as we also underpay our men of science, we cannot afford to throw too many stones into that particular glass-house.

THE CONSERVATIVE TASK

THE air has been thick with political rumours during the past few weeks, but the passage of time, and of a very short time at that, has shown that there was no real substance in them. Every Sunday morning a section of the Press proclaims that the Government is at its last gasp, but by Monday, or at latest by Tuesday afternoon, it becomes obvious that there are still enough Liberals who think more of their seats than of their principles to save the day for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues. Recently, it is true, a few of Mr. Lloyd George's erstwhile followers announced their intention of no longer receiving the party whip, and it may be that ere long one or two more will join them, but their action will make no alteration in the existing Parliamentary situation, and we say quite frankly that we see no prospect whatever of the existing administration being turned out of office this side of Christmas. There can, of course, be no doubt that the prestige of the House of Commons has suffered enormously as a result of the log-rolling that has been going on, but, with the disuse of the Royal prerogative of compelling a dissolution, only a defeat on a vote of censure can drive the Prime Minister to go to the country, and it is clear that the Liberal Party will eat any amount of Socialist dirt rather than allow this to take place. We do not particularly blame them; they are in the position of the man who has to choose between a painful death to-day and an equally painful death a year or so ahead. The event may be the same, but a postponement of execution is at any rate something when one is under capital sentence.

In these circumstances the Cabinet-making which is in progress in certain Conservative circles would appear to be somewhat premature. Counting chickens before they are hatched is a favourite pastime of politicians in Opposition, but it is a particularly futile one. The recent by-elections, especially in the North of England and Scotland, have undoubtedly shown a marked decline in the popularity of the Government, but they have not displayed any great swing of the pendulum in the Conservative direction. Ashton-under-Lyne was certainly encouraging, and so, to a lesser extent, was Gateshead, but the Ardwick division of Manchester should have been won. What is happening is that a number of Liberals are voting Tory for one reason or another, and a number of Socialists are refusing to vote at all, but there has not been any movement in favour of Mr. Baldwin and the policy for which he stands. The party is at long last united, and it has a powerful Press to support it, but the walls of the Socialist Jericho give no sign of falling. Such being the case, it is more than a little premature to discuss the size of the majority over all other parties in the next Parliament, or to canvass the possibilities of this or that Statesman going to the Treasury or to the Foreign Office. To the victors the spoils, by all means, but it is first necessary to see who are the victors.

The fact is that before victory is even in sight the whole Conservative house must be put in order. It is useless to believe that the magic words "emergency tariff," almost as blessed to some Tories as Mesopotamia was to the old lady, are in themselves sufficient to carry Mr. Baldwin once more to Downing Street, or that the dismissal of an underling or two at Palace Chambers will suffice to restore its pristine vigour to that organization which was the life work of the late Lord Younger. Any man, as Hotspur reminded Owen Glendower, can call spirits from the vasty deep, but the point is, will they come when they are called, and the same is true of votes. It is an open secret that in constituency after constituency—South Paddington and St. Marylebone are notable cases in point in the metropolitan area—there is discontent and schism, and energies that should be spent in combating the common foe are dissipated in internecine strife. The Conservative Party is no doubt the least divided of the three, but it is still a long way from having attained that state of unity which is an indispensable prelude to electoral success. The high places in its counsels are still filled by the aged, and no use is made of the brains which are at its disposal.

As our readers are well aware, we yield to none in our devotion to the Protectionist cause, and we firmly believe that Tariff Reform would go a long way towards improving the economic condition of this country, but we are by no means of the opinion that an emergency tariff spells Utopia. In view of the extreme improbability of a General Election taking place during the current year, the Conservative Party has a six months' respite in which to hammer out a policy, not only in the sphere of economics, but also of a social and constitutional nature. No man, however well versed in the secrets of the Central Office, can say what is the official policy of the party as to the reform of the House of Lords, a Factory Bill, and the revision of the Peace Treaties, to take at random three by no means unimportant subjects. In these latter days no one question, whatever its nature, can be studied alone, and the next Conservative Government will be no better than the last—which was uninspiring enough in all conscience—unless it can produce a programme which will cover all the more pressing problems of the day. What is wanted is a Five Years' Plan, and as a prelude to that a few months of hard thinking of a constructive nature.

The country is admittedly looking for a lead, and it would like that lead to be given by the Conservatives. It has lost all confidence in the Government, it despises the Liberals, and it is a little distrustful of Sir Oswald Mosley, but it will rally to Mr. Baldwin if he will only unfurl his flag. It is useless to expect the miracle of the Zinoviev letter to be repeated, and the party cannot hope to muddle through again. Victory is within reach, but it will not be won without organization and preparation.

THE BOYCOTT IN INDIA

MORE than two months have passed since the Irwin-Gandhi agreement, and it is time that we began to consider its effect on the boycott and, consequently, upon British trade. There is a large quantity of information available, but it is bewilderingly conflicting, for conditions vary from place to place and from week to week.

Undoubtedly the high hopes formed, perhaps without justification, of the effect of the agreement, have not so far been realized. On the other hand, things seem to be improving. In his settlement with Lord Irwin, Mr. Gandhi agreed that a boycott directed "chiefly, if not exclusively, against British goods will not be consistent with the participation of representatives of the Congress in a frank and friendly discussion of constitutional questions between the representatives of British India, of Indian States, and of H.M. Government and political parties in England, which the settlement is intended to secure." At the same time, the Government of India state that "they approve of the encouragement of Indian industries as part of economic and industrial movements designed to improve the material conditions of India, and they have no desire to discourage methods of propaganda, persuasion or advertisement pursued with this object. . . ."

Innumerable reports received in Lancashire show that for some time after the agreement the demand for British piece goods did not improve, and it would probably be true to say that no noticeable improvement has yet taken place. Reports from Indian up-country merchants show in naïve language that picketing, especially by women, of cloth shops is still going on. In Delhi pickets appear to have been withdrawn for one day after the agreement and then re-imposed, women threatening to go on hunger strike in front of shops dealing in foreign piece goods. "The lady volunteers," a report from Delhi stated on March 19, "are still sitting on the cloth dealers' shops, and are persuading the buyers not to touch foreign cloth, which they should think tantamount to blackest sin and curse. Thus, by this method of peaceful picketing, they put every foreign goods buyers to shame."

The boycott is still effective, but large-scale picketing (though still carried on widely) is no longer essential. The fear of being unable to dispose of foreign piece goods in the future, if there were a revival of the strict boycott, is now almost sufficient to prevent any considerable buying even in districts where picketing is not for the moment active.

The disturbing feature is that if the boycott is directed by Congress impartially against all foreign goods, it appears to be permissible under the terms of the Irwin-Gandhi agreement. It will, however, be no comfort to Britain, which was the largest supplier of the Indian market, if her losses are accompanied by smaller losses to other countries. Authoritative opinion in India holds that Mr. Gandhi is trying to carry out the agreement according to its strict interpretation, and that in Bombay he is being successful, but

that pressure has been transferred from the ports to up-country centres, where the spirit of the agreement has certainly not been kept.

But is it the fact that the boycott is being applied impartially to all foreign goods? While in Bombay the ban on British machinery, iron and steel was lifted soon after the agreement, all through April and May merchants were forbidden to deal in British copper and yellow metal. A recent cablegram announces that the ban was lifted as from May 31. Very belatedly the discrimination against British goods was withdrawn.

Before the Irwin-Gandhi agreement, the boycott, theoretically directed against everything non-Indian, actually favoured foreign goods. In January, 1931, Britain sent 150 bales of dhooties to Calcutta, while Japan sent 4,000. Trustworthy figures are not yet available showing the effect of the agreement, for it must be remembered that time is needed for orders from dealers in India to reach foreign sources of supply, and for the goods to arrive in India. There are as yet, however, few indications of improvement. The Government have, in effect, repudiated Mr. Graham's statement in Edinburgh on April 9 that "the provisional agreement in India has led to a notable improvement in Lancashire." Mr. Gillett, on the contrary, said in the House of Commons: "There is as yet no evidence of orders being placed in Lancashire as a result of the Irwin-Gandhi agreement."

The *Textile Recorder* estimates that in 1930 India supplied 70 per cent. of her requirements of cloth. It is probable that this high percentage is largely due to the diminished purchasing capacity in that year, and it follows that even if a high protective policy were followed in India, either by Government-imposed tariffs or Congress-imposed boycott, India would still have to import for some time at least 30 per cent. of her requirements from abroad. This would seem to rule out as practical politics Mr. Gandhi's statement that a Swaraj Government would at once prohibit entirely the import of foreign cloth. Of these imports it is important that Britain should contribute a fair proportion. It is perfectly obvious, however, that Lancashire had been losing ground in the market before the boycott started, and it would be disastrous if Lancashire did not recognize that an immediate and complete withdrawal of the boycott on foreign cloth would probably benefit Japan more than Lancashire. Whereas in 1913 Lancashire sent to India 3,000,000,000 yards of cotton cloth and Japan 6,000,000 yards, in 1927-28 Lancashire's trade had fallen by half to 1,500,000,000 yards, while Japan's had increased to 323,000,000 yards. That decline must be attributed to economic causes which Lancashire must set herself to overcome; but the further decline in 1930 to half the exports of 1928 is partly, but not wholly, due to the anti-British boycott which the politicians can reasonably be required to deal with.

The alarming outlook for the future is that the erection of twenty new mills is being planned in India, including six in that happy hive of industry, Ahmedabad, where the Saint of Sabarnati being on the spot settles threatened labour dis-

putes to the benefit of the industry and its shareholders. The fact that inquiries for second-hand mill machinery have recently been made in Lancashire, and that some has been packed for export to India, opens up an alarming prospect. If the looms cannot be worked in Lancashire, the owners may well feel inclined to sell them to any buyers, but with them goes all hope of a revival of work in Lancashire.

A further feature of the boycott needs emphasizing. It has been directed not only against British imported cloth, but against any mills in India which were not prepared to give an undertaking to the Bombay Mill Owners' Association pledging themselves to support the economic policy of the Congress. British firms of managing agents were coerced by a strict boycott into undertaking not to import foreign yarn or piece goods, while the mills were required to have boards composed as to two-thirds of Indians, to undertake to confine their purchases to Indian Swadeshi products, and to place their business as far as possible with Indian banking, insurance and shipping companies, and never to use or bleach foreign yarn. The mills were also required to express "full sympathy with the national aspirations of the people." Apart from this monstrous interference for political and racial reasons with the running of mills in India, it is

obvious that British exports of many kinds must necessarily be gravely affected.

If any method of destroying the British cotton trade in India without going to the labour of maintaining thousands of pickets were being sought, the most obvious solution would be the creation of an agency company to re-export all foreign cloth from India. Formed, as it has been, without any disapproval on the part of the Government, it advertises to all dealers that foreign cloth is regarded as so harmful to India that a company has been publicly floated for the express purpose of expelling it all. The company offers only to buy stocks at 10 per cent. below the market value, thereby depreciating the value of foreign cloth, and even this measure of assistance will be given only to merchants who have not bought foreign cloth since the Picketing Ordinance, and who undertake never to buy it again. To ensure this last condition being fulfilled, 10 per cent. of the depreciated price will be retained as security by the company.

Anyone who has studied the history of the boycott, and who reads the particulars of this new agency company, will note with bitter amusement Mr. Wedgwood Benn's bright remark "that of course people are free to join or not as they think fit."

WHO "COMES TO BRITAIN"?

FRANCE draws from her foreign visitors an annual income of one hundred million pounds. We in England do not take twenty per cent. of such a sum. France taxes the strangers within her gates, perhaps in order that they may realize the extent of the privilege that is theirs; if they stay more than two months they must show cause and pay a hundred francs. There is a scale of prices for the native and another scale, more dignified and elevated, for the alien. People grumble, but they return again and again, chiefly because, whatever the various impositions, living, outside the *hôtels de luxe*, is both good and cheap. Even in Paris, if you know your way about, you may dine excellently *à la carte* and, with wine, coffee, liqueurs and tip, take change out of thirty francs. In the provincial towns, some of them very beautiful, you may live in a comfortable hotel with a balconied room, central heating, electric light and a bath not too far away, for fifty shillings a week, with all the pure honest wine you want and an abundance of fruit and vegetables. Your lunch and dinner will be admirably cooked and properly served; the only meat that may not pass muster will be the beef.

If you travel from place to place, be sure you may look for dinner, bed and breakfast at a cost not exceeding nine or ten shillings, unless you are seeking luxury. There are many French towns where table d'hôte varies from eighteenpence in the popular restaurants to five shillings in the expensive ones. In every village there is an inn served by a cook, a man of parts, who works with pride and unction. One of the best of these men lived in a Breton village before the war, and the little hotel he served would take you by the month for five pounds. The writer remembers a night

when there were just half a dozen guests in the hotel, all men, and the chef served such an excellent dinner that we sent for him and, by way of recognizing our praise, he gave us a realistic imitation of the *danse du ventre* as he had seen it in a café in Tunis. It was very shameful and extremely funny, and the landlady joined the audience. The chef was her husband.

Now, we do not suggest that a *danse du ventre* performed by a respectable English cook would add to the popularity of our English inns; one would not even go so far as to suggest that anybody has ever sent for the cook of such an establishment to return thanks for the cooking. But it may be held that if we could learn to cater for the creature comforts of the middle-class foreign visitor as our French friends do, we might challenge that hundred million pounds a year and win a big slice of it.

In actual fact, when one arrives at an English country town and seeks one of the listed hotels, what does he get? Dinner, generally served in an ill-lighted room by a waiter who appears to be slightly moth-eaten, consists of soup probably out of a tin and brought to you on a cold plate, a small portion of an unpopular fish with some of the paste employed by paper-hangers by way of sauce. Second-rate, frozen or chilled meat with vegetables that have been boiled alive follows, then you will be lucky if you escape stewed fruit with synthetic custard, followed by cheese that was flavoured in a soap factory and biscuits that have suffered from an all-prevailing damp. Undrinkable coffee brings the meal to a dismal end.

Your bedroom will be cold and uninviting, there is no central heating, and if you want warmth you must pay an extra shilling or more for it. Your

bath will cost you more. Your breakfast will be preluded by a plate of tepid and revolting mess called porridge, uneatable outside Scotland, followed by super-salted ham and eggs, with toast that never was crisp and coffee that repeats last night's libel on the honest Brazilian berry. By the time your car is out of the garage and you look through the clouds of indigestion into the face of another day, you will have paid a pound for that travesty of entertainment. It is presumed, of course, that you have been too wary to touch the wine.

Let it be granted that this indictment is sweeping; that there are houses, one could name a dozen, wherein better conditions prevail. Of the rank and file this is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Why is it that thousands of English motorists lunch by the roadside? Not one would do so in France. They know perfectly well that the nearest French village would deal admirably with them for half a crown, while in England little better than badly cooked imports of one kind or another would be slung at them and cost nearly twice the money. Better to eat from a luncheon-basket by the wayside than to go where garbage, indigestion and overcharge wait on appetite. Unfortunately for us, the foreigner is not accustomed to lunch by the roadside or to accept the English country-inn dinner, and since he has a great respect for his inner man, he stays away. Shakespeare's country, Wordsworth's country, the moors of Devon and Yorkshire, the romantic beauty of Wales, should bring millions of foreign money to our doors, but the hotels forbid any invasion on the grand scale.

What would an English Mussolini do, a supreme Dictator, who realized that a national asset of incalculable worth was being ruined by people who are, as a class, fit for little more than the retailing of beer and whiskey?

Probably he would start with a Vegetable Ordinance. Everybody keeping a house of public

entertainment would be compelled in the first instance to pass an examination in the preparation and cooking of fresh vegetables, and any landlord in whose kitchen honest vegetables were boiled to death would lose his licence. Then would come a Soup Ordinance, followed by one relating to entrées, sweets and coffee. Instead of flaunting the certificate of the A.A. and R.A.C., the hotel proprietor would have to show two certificates of another kind, the first affirming the presence on the premises of a qualified cook, the other an assurance that the prices charged corresponded to those that prevail in France, Belgium, Germany and Italy. For overseas visitors, at least, there should be a remission of the duty on light wines. These changes, widely advertised, would bring the foreigner in his tens of thousands to all the beauty spots of these islands, and how beautiful they are! They might, in time, bring people to our seaside places, though this belief may be excess of optimism on the part of the writer.

At present our foreign visitors must fall among thieves, and to make the tragedy more poignant, in nine cases out of ten the thieves are extraordinarily incompetent. We have room in this country for at least one hundred thousand clean little hotels run by people skilled in marketing, trained in cooking, and gifted with a flair for entertainment. If we could find them, we would change the face of Great Britain and fill it with smiling, happy visitors. Our island would cease to be unpopular and the wealthy foreigner would learn that London is not the only pebble on the English beach.

Let the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, established under the presidency of Lord Derby, look to this; let it face the facts. Before the "Come to Britain" movement can hope to succeed, we must be able to offer the comers some near approach to the comforts they find elsewhere. At present such comforts are conspicuously lacking.

THE CASE FOR THE FLEET AIR ARM

Admiralty sanction has been obtained for the publication of this article. The views expressed, however, are those of the writer and have in no way emanated from the Admiralty.

THE Fleet Air Arm has been subjected to a belittlement of its possibilities and capabilities as an auxiliary service by Captain Bernard Acworth, D.S.O., R.N. While the present writer does not claim to be able to reorganize the entire sea forces of the principal maritime powers, he does claim a certain experience of conditions of working with aircraft from carriers at sea, and a knowledge of the possibilities of aircraft in war. It will be apparent to any Fleet Air Arm Officer that this knowledge must be denied to Captain Acworth, or he would scarcely have betrayed such an incredible failure to grasp the most obvious points in favour of the present F.A.A. organization.

In order that the uses of the Fleet Air Arm (miscalled Naval Air Arm) may not be so grossly underestimated by his readers, as they appear to be by Captain Acworth, the following observations are made.

Primarily Captain Acworth is mistaken if he supposes that aircraft can only be operated from a carrier in favourable weather. In peace time the safety of pilots and passengers is rightly considered

to be the foremost necessity. Flying is normally only carried out if the sea is calm enough for a destroyer to lower a boat with safety in the event of an aircraft falling into the sea. This would incur risk with a high wind and a sea state 4 to 5 on the Douglas scale. This state of sea does not increase the danger of flying; it means that, as the safety precautions can no longer be employed, flying is not advisable, and in the interests of safety is not normally carried out.

In war time these objections would, of course, be entirely disregarded. All forms of aircraft could leave the carrier in very rough seas, or with a considerable swell. Even under these conditions there is every probability of 90 per cent. successfully landing on again. Minor damages to wings and undercarriages are likely to occur. In peace practices it is neither necessary nor desirable to expose the personnel of aircraft to these risks; and structural damage to aircraft would prove expensive.

The present writer will now endeavour to justify the use of landplanes for the purposes of reconnaissance, spotting and torpedo attack.

1. Captain Acworth states that reconnaissance is only possible provided the weather is sufficiently moderate for taking off from and landing on the carrier. This statement is quite wrong. Air reconnaissance is possible in all weathers in an emergency. If, during war time, a percentage of the aircraft failed to land safely it would be unfortunate, but that is an acceptable war risk.

Visibility usually affects surface craft to a greater extent than aircraft, and conditions of visibility would be no bar to air reconnaissance in war.

A reserve quantity of fuel is carried by all aircraft operating over the sea as a safety precaution. This is again a peace-time essential, and in war these precautions would be cast aside completely.

To compare the relative values of cruiser and aircraft reconnaissance in favour of the former is absurd. The cost of a single cruiser cannot be compared with that of a flight of six aircraft, even when a proportional cost of operating the carrier is considered. The speed at which a reconnaissance aircraft can patrol is more than three times that of our fastest cruisers, and the area covered in a given time more than correspondingly greater owing to the wider field of view from an aircraft.

Captain Acworth writes: "It may be admitted that aircraft may sometimes perform some useful service in this respect."

2. The Americans always use, and rely solely on, aircraft spotting for their full calibre firings. It has disadvantages. I agree with Captain Acworth when he says that an incorrect spotting report is worse than no report at all. He appears to overlook the fact that the observer of the spotting aircraft is also fully aware of this and limits his reports accordingly. He omits to mention the usefulness of obtaining spotting reports when there is a smoke screen between engaged surface craft, or to show how these reports could possibly be obtained other than by aircraft.

3. Captain Acworth writes: "It is not denied that in certain circumstances torpedoes dropped from aircraft may be a nuisance, though they can never be a serious menace." What exactly does he mean by a serious menace? Surely he will not deny that two flights of torpedo aircraft could sink a cruiser, or cause a grave reduction of speed to a capital ship? Quite a small reduction of speed of a capital ship would force an enemy C-in-C. to abandon the ship to its inevitable fate of sinkage by surface craft, or he would be compelled to reduce the speed of his entire battlefleet. The opposing Admiral can then force an action or keep out of range of the enemy until joined by reinforcements.

We are told that the weather must be favourable for a torpedo attack by aircraft. This is quite erroneous. A torpedo can be dropped in any state of sea whatsoever, and will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, run well. During practice attacks in rough weather, torpedoes are not dropped simply because of the difficulty and danger in lowering boats to recover them. It is just ordinary economy not to drop torpedoes when they cannot be recovered, and does not in the slightest degree mitigate the value of the weapon in war. The "small torpedoes," of which he speaks so disparagingly, were used by submarines during the war, and I leave their probable effectiveness to the judgment of the reader.

We read that "no fire is opened on these slow-flying, ponderous machines" during exercises. Surely he does not demand that we carry realism to the extent of firing at our own aircraft? As for being slow flying, it is customary for a torpedo aircraft to dive to attack at 140 knots—considerably more than the terminal velocity of the human body. To continue: "The carrier off which they lumber is immune from attack." Does the author mean that during exercises no action is made to attack the carrier? If so, he has been badly misinformed. There

may have been isolated cases of a carrier supplying aircraft for both opposing fleets, when only one carrier is available. In these cases the carrier is regarded as neutral.

It is stated that "Interference with other flying operations is cheerfully accepted while torpedo machines are being ranged up on deck." This very sentence proves the esteem in which a flight of torpedo aircraft is held as a weapon of attack.

It may safely be asserted that there are no circumstances in a "vital fleet action" during or before which torpedo bombers cannot usefully be employed.

The vulnerability of aircraft carriers receives another attack. The fact that they are liable to sustain heavy damage if once brought into action is not denied. But the carrier itself is not intended to be a weapon of attack, and will generally prefer flight to engagement. As a carrier is about the fastest ship in the fleet, she is admirably adapted for this purpose. Captain Acworth does not state how he proposes to bring into action a 32-knot aircraft carrier with the 23½-knot cruisers which he advocates.

Admittedly, carriers are expensive to build and run, and if the aircraft needed for the fleet could be carried in battleships and cruisers, it would appear to economize greatly. It is, however, quite impossible to dispense with the carrier in practice. A fleet equipped with even a few aircraft must have a carrier as a workshop and supply base, to provide reserve aircraft, and to carry out the extensive periodical inspections, overhauls and repairs necessary. It is simply amazing to read the suggestion that a fleet could carry 260 seaplanes, with no provision whatsoever made for the essential ancillaries.

The satisfactory organization of air attacks with the forces thus dispersed is obviously quite impossible. The enormous amount of signalling required at a most undesirable moment would only result in delaying other and possibly more important messages. In any case it could not result in a satisfactory organization or synchronization of attacks. One shudders to imagine the extraordinary confusion caused by 260 seaplanes, all piloted by part-time pilots, each realizing that he is supposed to do something, but having no clear idea of how or when it should be done.

The author of this book betrays a really pitiful lack of knowledge of conditions when he suggests that carrier-borne aircraft could be dispensed with in favour of a "robust type of seaplane." Anyone who has flown seaplanes realizes that even the most robust seaplane, faced with the most vital necessity, could not operate in the open sea if the state was 2 (slight) or over, or even in a slight swell. It has already been pointed out that carrier-borne aircraft can fly off in almost any sea or swell. They can certainly land on the carrier easily in seas that would make it sheer suicide to attempt to alight on the water in a seaplane.

The danger of being forced to alight on the sea in a landplane is absurdly exaggerated. I know of only one case in the last three years that proved fatal. On that occasion both the pilot and observer were new to the Fleet Air Arm. The pilot was an Air Force Officer who had never flown over the sea.

The present aircraft in the Fleet Air Arm are all supplied with some type of flotation gear, and the personnel are equipped with a life-saving jacket each.

In anything but the calmest of seas a seaplane would be incapable of taking off at all when loaded with fuel, ammunition, guns, bombs or a torpedo, however urgent the necessity.

Supposing the sea to be more than state 2, Captain Acworth omits to say what is to happen to the seaplane when action is imminent, as he has no "expensive and cumbersome catapults."

Presumably they are to be robust enough to stand the shock effect of 15-inch gunfire. The fact that they each hold 150 gallons of petrol would render their ultimate fate interesting.

KEEPING PACE WITH THE SUN

BY CAPT. FRANK M. HAWKS

THE great thing in flying is speed. By this I do not mean to imply that safety is not an important factor, but, as no means of locomotion has yet provided us with absolute security—trains still run off the line, steamers go aground and are wrecked, and motor-cars collide and skid—we must be fair to aeroplanes and not expect the impossible from them.

There are two kinds of pilot: the one who accomplishes something previously regarded as out of the question, and the other who places these exploits within the reach of the public.

The first of these is the record-holder, and the other is the air-liner pilot. The second would not exist without the first, and the first would not run the risk of breaking his neck if he did not know that the results he obtained would be followed up and put into practice by his colleague.

It should not be supposed that a pilot starts out to lower records for the mere purpose of attaining fame for himself. The only purpose of a record is to prove what the man and the machine can do when they work together. Progress follows the record, and that is why the latter is valuable.

I was once sent to investigate flying conditions on the Pacific Coast of America, and, while I was there, received a telegram ordering me to return to New York at once. When the instruction reached me, I was at an aeroplane factory, and it so happened that the firm owning the factory wanted to send a new kind of plane to the aviation exhibition in New York. I offered to pilot the machine to that city, thus saving the owners the expense of sending a special man with it, and also saving time for myself. As the new machine was a really fast one, I decided not to spare gasoline and to try to beat the record flight across the continent. In this I succeeded, making the journey from Los Angeles to New York in 17 hours 38 minutes.

This was two years ago, at the time when all the best pilots were consumed by the desire to fly over the ocean. I was well satisfied with my land flight of 2,550 miles at a speed of 146 miles an hour, but no sooner had I created this record than a rival appeared on the field—no less a person than Colonel Lindbergh. He made no promises—he is not a talker—but he beat my record by flying from Los Angeles to New York in 14 hours 50 minutes.

In such cases no pilot bears his successful rival any grudge, because this is sport. I remember an occasion on which I was useful to Lindbergh. He was about to start off in search of an airman lost in the desert. Lindbergh's own machine could not do more than 190 miles an hour, and I had one that could do 240. Naturally, I lent him mine. After he had broken my record I tried again, and the result was another record, 12 hours 25 minutes.

That is how matters stand at present, but I should not be surprised to hear any day that Charles had lowered the time.

Lindbergh is a good "pal," and is still very popular in America, although the newspapers have a grudge against him because he talks so little. Although we are such good friends, I have no idea what he is doing at present, as he is not in the habit of telling anyone his plans, and there is just a touch of the mischievous about him which induces him to spring surprises on his friends. Still he has a new interest to occupy his mind: he is a father.

Since my last transcontinental flight I have established several new records for flight between certain cities, but they were made, so to speak, by accident:

I had to fly from one place to another, and as I had a very fast machine the result was a record.

I believe we are not very far from the day when we shall be able to keep pace with the sun. When flying from New York to Los Angeles, not long ago, I tried to chase the sun. I started in the afternoon and reached Los Angeles soon enough to play nine holes on the golf course before sunset. One of these days we shall be starting from New York at noon and landing at Los Angeles at noon also, and, when a little more progress has been achieved, we shall be leaving New York at noon and reaching Los Angeles at breakfast time on the same day.

To accomplish anything new in flying, risks, of course, have to be taken, but it should not be supposed that speed is the chief danger. With a fast machine, there is nothing really wonderful about speed through the air. It is often very dangerous on land or water, as poor Segrave's case shows, but in flying the danger does not reside in the speed itself. To the best of my recollection I have been in greater danger during quite ordinary flights than when trying to break records. A small failure on the part of the engine when you are coming down may be quite enough to send you into some telegraph wires.

You may have to make up your mind very quickly, in the hundredth part of a second, as to which is the least of the dangers facing you. I was once in this position myself. I might have avoided the wires, but had I done that I should undoubtedly have broken my neck. I accordingly hit the wires and my machine overturned. I was bruised, but it was nothing serious. Luckily the machine did not catch fire and I escaped. Accidents of this kind happen to the best of pilots.

The worst danger nowadays for an air pilot is fog. The best system of lighting an aerodrome is powerless against fog; but, fortunately, human inventiveness does not stand still, and we can hope to overcome this adversary also. I believe that the wireless towers contrived by the French inventor, William Loth, will soon become of great service to us. To take risks is inherent to the profession of an air pilot, nevertheless, we take them, because we can feel the march of progress behind us, and we know today that if we put up a record of 150 or 180 miles an hour, the transport plane, which has hitherto been doing only 100 miles an hour, will soon go up to 125.

American aviation, although comparatively young, is moving forward with giant strides. The Government and the local authorities are rivalling one another in their support for aviation and the construction of well-lighted landing places. Last year, 549 municipal and 562 commercial aerodromes were registered in the United States. The number of intermediary landing places was 354, and that of the emergency landing places 177. In addition to these, the Army and the Navy have 67 aerodromes of their own, and the total number of American aerodromes is 1,717. In 1930 over 2,500 civilian planes were constructed in the United States. The figure for 1925 was only 270. In 1930 there were 34 air lines, covering 16,661,244 miles, and these lines carry 8,085,203 pounds of mail matter, as against 7,100,000 in 1929. The number of passengers amounted in 1930 to 200,000, against 150,000 in 1929, 50,000 in 1928, and 9,000 in 1927. These figures speak for themselves. As rapid travel is not only a stimulus for business but also a means of promoting a better understanding among nations, because it solves the difficulty of distance, I believe such results are well worth a few risks.

THE MENACE OF THE MUSQUASH

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IF you mention *Fiber zibethica* to the man in the street it is at least unlikely that you will stir his pulse. But if you could make him aware of the evil doings of the animal with this unpleasant name, a rodent whose sole virtue is in his skin, he would not be content merely to sit up and take notice. He would raise his voice to such an extent that the Government of this country would come to a sudden conclusion that immediate and effective action is necessary.

We are threatened with an invasion as serious as that which we suffered when the Hanoverian rat entered upon his kingdom in this country and proceeded to levy tribute that is paid to this day. The Continent has suffered before us, and even in the depressed state of every country affected, would be glad to find a million pounds for the man who could kill out the last musquash.

The story of the European invasion is an interesting one. Twenty-six years have passed since Prince Colloredo-Mansfield, a Bohemian nobleman who had been hunting in Alaska, brought back five musquash, two males and three females, and set them free in a lake on his estates at Dobris, near Prague. A little while later he added a few more to his stock, but it may be doubted whether the numbers introduced ever reached a score. In 1907 thirty-two musquash were captured round Dobris; in the year when war broke out they had established themselves in an area with a centre at Dobris and a radius of more than a hundred miles. Four years ago it was reported that half Austria had been invaded, and that the musquash had even been taken in cities like Vienna and Munich.

Long before this time people had been made well aware of the dangerous practices of their visitors. In the Palatinate they destroyed the dam of a great electrical works; in Thuringia, where the numbers captured ran up from one in 1919 to 20,000 in the first half of 1926, their burrowings have accounted for the subsidence of sundry main roads and the bursting of several reservoir banks. Railway work at Leipzig has been temporarily stopped by them, and certain once navigable waterways have ceased to be navigable because the rodent, through its burrowing, has let the water out. To-day, Germany and Norway have forbidden the importation or transit of musquash; Switzerland and Luxembourg have gone further and will not permit the keeping of the animal in captivity or the buying and selling of live specimens. The Governments of Bavaria, Saxony, Silesia and Brandenburg have trained trappers, and in Saxony nearly two hundred are in private employment.

The musquash has apparently adapted himself to his new environment; he has made deep burrows, or "lodges," as they are commonly called, in the banks of streams, generally just beneath the level of the grass or roots. Where large colonies establish themselves, there is great danger of the earth collapsing, for the musquash is an indefatigable burrower, and, as the channels are excavated from below, the work does not show externally, and the danger is the greater. To add to the trouble, this rodent is nocturnal in its habits.

It might be thought that with all the necessary information at the disposal of our Government, and with all the facts established beyond a peradventure, definite action would have been taken to prevent the introduction of the musquash into this country. But nothing has been done. The Minister of Agriculture has expressed a pious hope that there will

be no extension of musk-rat keeping and that those who have any will see that they do not escape. This warning is issued pending legislation, for which at present, we are told, there is no time. The result is that we have musquash at large in these Isles.

They have been brought over by people anxious to breed them for their skins, the demand being considerable, and there is no difficulty about the breeding because the musquash is most industrious in this regard. The lady will supply four litters in the year with an average of seven young at a birth, while before the first year's work is completed, she and her husband are grandparents. It goes without saying that musquash, when owned by amateurs who have no idea of the danger associated with their possession, are not always carefully kept, and there are several cases on record of animals making their escape. It was rumoured that some were free in the neighbourhood of a famous southern trout stream; it is stated definitely that a musquash travelling at large has been shot in Lincolnshire, where the river banks standing above the fenland level afford scope to their most dangerous activities.

A few weeks ago the writer saw the largest musquash settlement in these islands, at White Moss Loch, near Dunning, in Perthshire; the fifteen acres of wired-in water are said to hold several hundreds. The progenitors of the horde were brought to Scotland by a gentleman who had worked on a musquash farm in Canada. At first he rented land at Feddal, near Braco, and there some mischievous person interfered with the wire surrounding his holding, so that ten pairs escaped. Another pair is known to have escaped in Kincardineshire, a third has found freedom in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. Down to the present they say in official quarters in Scotland that sixty square miles of country have been invaded, and there is no room for doubt but that musquash have gained a permanent footing in the remote Scottish countryside, and will only be destroyed with the greatest difficulty because of their nocturnal habits, the sparse population in many of the districts they favour, and the difficulties that attend pursuit and capture. The rivers Tay and Erne are said to be infected. Every now and again a report comes in that one has been seen or destroyed; recent news to this effect has been received from Fife and Perthshire.

The musquash is given to breaking up his lodges in the summer, so that these are not visible at a time when most people are about; he rebuilds them in autumn, having some canny foreknowledge of the season, for if the lodge be a small one the winter will be mild, and if the lodge be a large one the winter will be severe. *Fiber zibethica* moves awkwardly on land, and his natural diet is comparatively harmless, consisting very largely of the roots and stems of reeds and grasses, but of late he is charged with developing new tastes and taking to corn and to fish. On the White Moss Loch, water-rice has been planted for the improvement of his food supply, and the owner of the farm believes that it will be possible to bring the numbers in his waters up to five thousand.

The musquash destroys the brown rat and can defend itself against the attacks of owls. The owner of the White Moss stock saw two owls swoop down on his musquash in the dusk of a spring evening, but they never came up again.

Their rate of breeding, their destructive habits, and their capacity to avoid observation, make the musquash a menace to these islands.

THE NOBLE ART OF TELLING LIES

BY MAURICE DEKOBRA

LYING is a pleasure, and speaking the truth a painful necessity. How true that is, especially when applied to woman! Does woman lie to please herself or through necessity? Certainly in society lying is as necessary as breathing. Truth does not come out of wells but from the mouths of guests out of earshot of their hostess. They dilate on the scantiness of the refreshments and the boring afternoon they have spent. Every truth is good to express except those which one hides from one's hostess.

The same thing occurs when we discuss the merits of beauty of a woman. To her face we gush: "How beautiful you look . . . what a lovely dress you are wearing . . ." Behind her back we turn to our best friends and say: "Distinctly *passée* . . ."

It has been said, and with profound truth, that to lie is to create. But isn't it extraordinary how many people nowadays possess this creative instinct?

Does woman lie from pleasure or necessity? This problem seems to be the square of the hypotenuse of feminine psychology. I am inclined to think that she lies for both reasons, because the fact is that love is the real school of lying, and that every woman handles love more or less as men handle cards through playing frequently at their clubs.

The Hindoos, who are experts in the art of love, say: "Night is the empire of rats, owls and women," and let me add—lying. This comparison is in no way prejudicial, for if we have known many women ratlike of profile, we have likewise met men whose faces resemble the owl.

The best proof that woman is an ace in the art of lying is that for centuries she has encouraged poets in making "amour" rhyme with "tousjours." This pernicious adverb "tousjours" has not helped in teaching woman the relativity of time. Nevertheless, there is no word which is more pleasing to the female sex. Is there a woman who has failed to ask her lover if he will love her for ever, and is there a man who has been daring enough to answer, "Darling, I will love you for three months or perhaps less"? I trow not.

Here again we see lying triumphant, and yet would it not be better for humanity, and especially for lovers, if they had sufficient courage to speak quite frankly about the probable duration of their love? For if we have military and civil courage, and also fiscal courage, there is also that rarity sentimental courage, which consists of never utilizing the pernicious word "tousjours."

If lovers made a practice of telling the truth, love affairs would always finish "en beauté." Why do they so often peter out ignominiously? Simply because one or other of the two parties is averse to their love affair terminating. If, on the contrary, the two lovers synchronized their passion, they would separate amicably at the end of their love-lease just as tenants, who have rented a villa at the seaside for two months, pack up on the 1st of October.

The hidden lie in the word "tousjours" is the cause of all the disagreeable incidents that mark the end of a love affair, such as dramatic quarrels, "crimes passionnels," or even the most dangerous of all—attempts at reconciliation.

I have often been asked whether the town woman is a more expert liar than the provincial woman or the political man. I always reply that good liars as are the town and provincial girls, the politician is even more of an adept. It is said that the more you love a person the more you lie. In that case

our M.P.s must simply adore their electors. There is, however, nothing surprising in this, as "si partir c'est mourir un peu, voter c'est mentir beaucoup."

A further question often arises: Is there in love a latent lie? My answer to this is that a lie is often nothing more than a post-dated truth. Man tells a woman that he loves her at midnight. That is a flagrant lie, for at a quarter-past four he no longer loves her. In this manner the falsehood of the night becomes a truth in the morning, and the truth of the morning creates sorrow. . . .

The lie that you make to yourself is far more deadly than the one you make to others, and in love affairs it is astonishing how much one lies to oneself. We find it difficult to look into the glass of truth. We far prefer gazing into the distorting mirror of optimism, which converts an ill-tempered woman into an angel of sweetness and pig-headed man into a little curly lamb.

Have you ever seen in the window of a ham and beef shop garlands of little sausages? Well, love can be compared to a garland of lies hanging in Eros's shop.

Woman is the dupe of man; man is the dupe of his heart; the heart is the dupe of the senses, and the senses the dupe of the chemist. . . . The question might here be asked why it would not be better to be quite frank in love. But surely to be honest in love is like handing out a revolver to a little boy of five. It kills outright, and at close range.

There is, in any case, a comparison that illustrates this point: people talk about dressing up truth. But isn't it a homage that we pay to the Lady of the Well when we powder her face with the powder of lies, darken her eyes with the rimmel of dissimulation, and redden her lips with the carmine of deceit? All this to make her more beautiful.

This is only as it should be, as even the purest beauty gains with a little make-up. And then I have an idea that truth is like a bony old harridan with a flat chest and sloping hips, who finds it pays to adorn herself with the perfumed lawn of falsehood. . . .

COSMOCLASM

BY E. V. WARNE

THE sea is freezing like a dish
Of desiccated rainbow fish.
The peach-skinned earth in hissing rifts
Exudes the sulphurous slime that lifts
Crazy fossil-coracles,
Once oracles
Of cosmographic lore.
With slow and suffocating hush
The slate of sky descends to crush
The icy green that whilom wore
Sleek dolphins on its wavy breast
(When all the world was sun-caressed).
But that dull lemon, once the sun,
His bombardiering course has run;
And soon will fade to silence stark
As dismal photographic dark;
When all is death-still save afar
The whistling of a punctured star.

"THAT'S RED IKE, THAT WAS"

Being a fleeting impression of The Book of the Month Club's latest choice, 'Red Ike.' By J. M. Denwood and Fowler Wright.

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

RED IKE leapt rapidly from the summit of Helvellyn to the other side of Skiddaw. So gigantic was his stride that he hit an eagle in mid air. The force of the impact killed it stone dead, and he had swallowed it before he came to earth again. And also digested it. For he was a Man.

A pale shape glided from the shadows. It was Jael, the gipsy.

"Hist," she said. "In the silence of the night, while the moon hung high over Mele Fele, I have deeply pondered our recent discussion of the comparative prose styles of Keats and Francis Thompson. My opinion, though it be only the opinion of a humble gipsy maid. . . ."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of seventeen bloodhounds, followed by John Lynd.

Red Ike, with one blow, felled the bloodhounds and put them in his pocket. Then he turned to John Lynd.

"Sir," he said, "am I a fugitive from the law? Am I a bastard? Am I the most appalling bore that ever appeared as the hero of a Book of the Month Club?"

"Yes," snarled John Lynd. "You are."

Whereupon Red Ike seized him by the behind, and threw him into the centre of a large bog. He then ran to Carlisle.

A pale shape glided from the shadows. It was Peg Shore, the loose woman.

She was so loose that she was almost falling to pieces. But she was hideously attractive. Her breath was as sweet as the smell of the cattle pools of Cobble Mo. Her breast was as shapely as the crag of Stybarrow, and almost as protuberant.

"Vile woman," hissed Red Ike. "Your nativity was cast under the baleful planet of Hutchinson when it was about to cross the cusp of the eighth house of the Zodiac. A transitory meeting with the comet Walpole appears to be favouring you. But soon you will fall like a shooting star, that trails its silver features in the unfathomable depths of Windermere."

Whereupon he bit her on the ear, and ran back to Edinburgh.

A pale shape glided from the shadows. It was Will Moffatt, his greatest friend.

"It is seven years since we met," said Will, "and adversity, with cruel fingers, has scarred both our brows in the same way that the wild peaks of Shap Fells are scarred by the melting snows. But I have been pondering our discussion on the comparative values of Tagore the mystic and Obandi the fanatic. I have come to the conclusion. . . . But hist, we are pursued."

Will Moffatt leapt to the right, landing in New-castle, while Red Ike leapt to the left, landing in the Hebrides.

A pale shape glided from the shadows. It was Jean, the daughter of John Lynd.

"I have been living in a cave for forty days and forty nights without any food, but my health is in no way impaired," she said to Red Ike. "And I have discovered the secret of this book that we figure in. We are all related. You are related to me, and I am related to Will Moffatt, and of course everybody is related to Peg Shore, because she is so peculiarly loose."

"Silence, woman!" cried Red Ike. "How can you talk of such things when so remarkably literary a stellar assemblage is poised above us? Yonder is Taurus and Aldebran, there is the flat square of Pegasus, and the beauty of the Pleiades. But hist, we are pursued. . . ."

Forty-nine bloodhounds leapt upon them, followed by John Lynd. Red Ike sat on the bloodhounds, bit off John Lynd's nose, and leapt to Windermere.

A pale shape glided from the shadows. It was Hugh Walpole, closely followed by Clemence Dane.

"Hist!" said Walpole. "We are pursued."

And he will be, month after month, with amiable persistence, if I have anything to do with it.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY

III—GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

By DAVID OCKHAM

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON stands with one foot in the Middle Ages and the other in the Nineteenth Century. Both feet are in the air. Rooted thus simultaneously in Medievalism and Victorianism—with a decided preference for the former—Mr. Chesterton's outlook has taken on a certain lack of definiteness.

Throughout his work runs the half truth of paradox. And the maddening feature of most of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes is that they are so maddeningly true—up to a point. Thus we have him saying that democracy "cares a damn sight more about the inequality of horses than about the equality of man." In point of fact, it does nothing of the sort, if democracy can be said to have any real beliefs beyond a somewhat pathetic faith in the witch-doctor conception of nose-counting. But it demands less intelligence and imagination, and evokes a more immediately practical response, to agitate for the provision of drinking troughs for horses than to conduct a holy war against slums. So democracy, naturally choosing the easiest

way, tends to concentrate on the provision of drinking troughs or sun-bonnets for cart-horses.

Nearly all Mr. Chesterton's apparent profundities are superficial, and the greater the seeming profundity the greater the superficiality. Possibly that is because he is an incurable romantic. Standing on one's head is no doubt—I speak open to correction—a healthy exercise, but a prolonged course must induce an excessive rush of blood to the brain. It certainly induces a distorted perspective, in which the big becomes the little, and the little the big, while the medium-sized remains disproportionate to both.

Mr. Chesterton once wrote a singularly engaging novel, whose hero had to circumnavigate the world in order to realize that there was no place like home. That, you might say, was a singularly dull-witted hero. But he, or Mr. Chesterton, begged the question. For if, indeed, there be no place like home, a doctrine to which the post-war generation has been unanimous in attaching quite a contrary significance, it should be unnecessary to travel so far as Yokohama

in order to discover the fact. A Bank Holiday journey to Hampstead Heath might be enough, and more than enough. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Chesterton's conception of Home, Sweet Home is an ideal not corresponding with fact, a dream haven, a sentimental half-truth, and Mr. Chesterton has recently fathered the doctrine that "On the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, it ought to be true that half a truth is better than no verity." Here is the essence of the Chestertonian philosophy.

The Elizabethan and the Victorian strains in the author of 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill' have combined to give birth to a strange hybrid, in which sentimental fantasy mingles with inverted realism. It is a strange—and, I think, beautiful—world of semi-unreality on which the candid eyes of Mr. Chesterton gaze. He invents a detective—and a detective quite good enough and convincing enough to set beside the creations of Messieurs Leroux, Wallace, and Cole—and makes his crime solver a middle-aged, shabbyish Roman Catholic priest, of all people in the world. There is, of course, no reason why the breviary should not accompany the sleuth, and Father Brown is vastly more entertaining and more alive than the lay figures

of Gaboriau. But who else beside Mr. Chesterton, with all the wide world in which to choose, would have gone to so unlikely a milieu for a rival to Sherlock Holmes? And who else but Mr. Chesterton, if he wished, could devise such apparently logical proof in support of the contention that the most natural person in the world to be a detective is precisely a celibate priest?

In Father Brown we have perhaps the key to the author of 'Manalive.' He was born with, and has preserved undimmed, a naive, childlike, and altogether delicious wonder at the world, together with an equally childlike inability to understand those dull wits who lack the gift for wonder at the daily miracles of sunrise and rain. Mr. Chesterton cannot overcome his wonder at the greenness of the grass and the blueness of the sky, even if it tends at times to make him see blue grass and green sky, while his moon swims in a mid-day heaven. One envies his fresh delight in a world so beautiful.

As Valeriu Marcu has said, "Chesterton strays anarchically in the forsaken garden of lost things, and rekindles extinct stars, using them to illuminate forgotten plains."

FRAGARIA

BY PETER TRAILL

MR. PALFREY was not a curious person; indeed, he held very strong views upon people who, because they happened to be neighbours, treated the persons next door as if they were an integral part of his own family; but he could not help noticing the manner in which the inmates of the houses that formed a row in a central part of London treated their gardens.

Those gardens, which were glued on to the backs of the houses, were separated by low walls, and the one which belonged to the people who lived on his right was further embellished by a wooden trellis, ornamented by virginia creepers. This added barricade ensured a certain degree of privacy for the inhabitants, but not very much, because Mr. Palfrey's sitting-room windows, perched on a higher level, gave him a clear view of his right-hand neighbour's garden whenever he chose to look in that direction, and in addition to this structural advantage, there was also the physical advantage with which his own height, some six foot, endowed him.

It was Mr. Palfrey's habit when he came back from the city to drink a glass of sherry before dinner and gaze moodily out of the window of his sitting-room—the hotter the weather, the more moodily he gazed—and he had no difficulty in seeing what was happening in what he called his right-hand neighbour's "cat run."

The result of Mr. Palfrey's habit and his right-hand neighbour's custom was that the principal changes in the next-door garden were visible to Mr. Palfrey on the Monday evenings, and so it was on that evening, in spite of his better self, that he became accustomed to watch for the permutations and the combinations in the herbaceous borders that the creepered trellis could not altogether conceal from him.

When Mr. Palfrey had first occupied his house he had made the mistake of trying to grow flowers in his own borders, but the nugatory results of several cartloads of manure, leaf-mould, bone-meal and other vitamins for the soil had shown him that nothing could be raised from seed beyond a few emaciated stalks which were promptly trodden down by the cats. He had, therefore, discontinued his efforts and relied entirely upon the ash tree for his effects. His right-hand neighbour, however, by planting things, which had already flowered or were just

about to flower, in friendlier soil, managed at considerable expense to himself—so Mr. Palfrey guessed—and much excavation every Saturday morning, to create for a period of two or three days at a time the atmosphere of a "nice little garden."

Mr. Palfrey could understand his right-hand neighbour and he could understand himself; the difference between the two was simply how much each was willing to spend on their "cat run." Mr. Palfrey was now willing to spend nothing, and his right-hand neighbour to put a five in front of the nothing. He had employed a gardener once a month for one morning, and his right-hand neighbour still employed one once a week for the same amount of time. As a result of their respective policies grass grew very beautifully in Mr. Palfrey's plot, where all the cats came to eat it, and a kaleidoscope of flowers burst every week-end in his right-hand neighbour's, the blooms of which fell off or were knocked off by the same cats, which, feeling rather lively after sampling Mr. Palfrey's grass, clambered over the trellis and dropped on to and caught their flies among the tulips, dahlias, lupins or Michaelmas daisies of his right-hand neighbour.

It was, then, the constant changes in his right-hand neighbour's garden that led Mr. Palfrey, in spite of his rooted objection to such a course of conduct, to take a general interest in the lives of those living about him; but, that interest once aroused, it was the activity of the old man, who lived next but two to him on his left, which really intrigued him. Mr. Palfrey's angle of sight was seriously interfered with by the four party walls that intervened between his own garden and the one which really aroused his curiosity; in fact, he could not see the ground level at all from his sitting-room window, but from one of his bedrooms he could just distinguish a number of green leaves lying flat, or nearly so, upon the ground. These, it seemed to Mr. Palfrey, the old man was constantly tending, and he used to watch him as he bent down the little more which was required of him to get a closer view of whatever it was he was growing.

The sight of this old man, who always appeared to be busy, after a while began to consume all Mr. Palfrey's curiosity; and, though he admired the effects of his right-hand neighbour's affluence, he was much more impressed by the industry of the old man;

at least, he told himself that it was the industry which he thought worthy of attention. From knowing nothing whatever about him, Mr. Palfrey progressed by easy stages through the street directory and, in spite of the attendant humiliation of his spirit, through the gossip of his servants, to discover all he could. He learnt that his name was Mr. Whyne, that he was living on a pension, that he never went away and, apart from a daily charwoman who left after lunch, he did not "hold with servants," that he had lived in the row longer than anybody else, and that he was "seventy if he was a day." Having found out so much, a wave of repentance had passed over Mr. Palfrey, and he had fled from his own kitchen, ashamed of himself and at odds with his cook. But he hoarded the information just the same.

The crisis in Mr. Palfrey's observance of the commandment about his duty towards his neighbour followed closely upon the entire uprooting of his right-hand neighbour's garden and the planting therein of a number of rose trees. Whether it was the sudden sight of the roses about to flower or the eternal presence of the mysterious green leaves in the other plot which aroused Mr. Palfrey's volcano of inquisitiveness to activity it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that the moment he saw the roses on a Monday night, and at the same time observed the bent back of the old man, he turned away from the window, put on his hat and walked out into the street.

His plan of campaign must have been forming itself subconsciously in his mind for some time, because when he came to the front door of the old man's house he didn't hesitate, but rang the bell immediately. He rang it long and kept his fingers on the push; then he put his hands in his pockets and stared at the painted panels of the door. If gossip were right, the charwoman should have left by then, and the old man would have to answer the bell himself. So far had Mr. Palfrey descended morally that he put his faith in gossip, and, just as when a wretched wight gambles for the first time and wins because the fates wish him sooner or later to lose all he has—so gossip proved a friend to Mr. Palfrey in the first instance—the cook's tongue for once was a truthful one. The old man opened the door to him, and Mr. Palfrey, as he raised his hat, noticed the singularly benign expression upon his face that was almost totally submerged under a grey beard.

"I live at No. 56," he explained, "and I was wondering if you could lend me a little bone meal for my garden." The old man, who was wearing glasses, raised them from his nose, wiped them carefully on a large red silk handkerchief, put them back again on his nose, and regarded Mr. Palfrey earnestly.

"I can, but I may say that I am very disappointed." He held open the door, and with a hand as unsubstantial as his voice, made a gesture to Mr. Palfrey to come in. The latter, somewhat mystified by the answer which he had received, followed him down the passage and into a similar sitting-room to his own—that is to say, it was situated in the same relation to the rest of the house.

"Disappointed, sir, why?" He asked the question while the old man was unlocking the door that led into the garden, for he was careful and never went to answer the front door without locking the one at the back.

"That you are going to take up some of your grass." Mr. Palfrey was a little put out by this reply; he had forgotten that what he could see from his bedroom window, the old man could equally well discern from his.

"Only a patch of it, sir." The old man nodded sadly and led the way down the steps into the

garden, where Mr. Palfrey immediately discovered what he wanted to know. The old man was trying to grow strawberries.

"I'll lend you some bone meal, but you are only wasting your time and my meal"—he stopped and wiped his glasses again—"I have been here many years; in fact, I have only been away once, and that was to go to Honolulu, so I know what I am talking about." Mr. Palfrey, who thought he was going to say Eastbourne, looked astonished.

"Honolulu!" he repeated.

"Someone told me it was different," the old man explained in mild tones, "but it isn't. It's exactly like the second act of a musical comedy. After wasting three months of my life, I came back here. There's your bone meal; you can have the bag if you like, but it won't do the slightest good." Mr. Palfrey laughed.

"It's all very well, sir, for you to be pessimistic, but fancy trying to grow strawberries." The old man scratched his head.

"Yes, I suppose that must seem odd to you, but to my mind strawberries are the only things worth troubling about."

"But you don't get any, surely?" In answer to the inquiry the old man removed his glasses for the third time and polished them most meticulously.

"No," he admitted, "but then I don't want to." Mr. Palfrey just gaped at him; he was obviously what the hero in American pictures calls "cuckoo."

"Then why try and grow them?" It seemed to Mr. Palfrey that the question which he had put was unanswerable, but the old man had no trouble with it.

"I have only eaten a strawberry once," he said, and there came into his face such a look of ineffable joy that Mr. Palfrey was reminded of a Titian he had seen a long time ago somewhere or other, "but I came out in a rash. Ever since then I have never been allowed to eat them, but"—the old man paused impressively—"I like to think that perhaps some day—." He stopped abruptly and looked sorrowfully at the beds.

"But there's no fruit," Mr. Palfrey objected.

"And a very good thing for me. Although it's extremely unlikely it's not impossible that there might be a berry one day." Mr. Palfrey smiled.

"Oh, I see the idea," he said.

"It's a dream, and the best part about a dream is that it is rarely fulfilled. To prove that I once went to Strawberry Hill in the hope of better things, but I might have known what I should find. Take away your bag if you want it, but nothing grows in a London garden but leaves and grass." Mr. Palfrey shook his head.

"I think after all I'll stick to my grass." The old man nodded gravely in agreement.

"Very sound of you; and if by any chance you know your right-hand neighbour you might tell him that there are a few oaks in Windsor Park—or there were some there in 1890—he might try one of them for a week in his garden; it'll make a nice bit of shade while it lasts."

He led the way out towards the front door, and while he opened it Mr. Palfrey asked him a final question: "What will you do if, by any chance, you do succeed in raising a berry?"

"I shall eat it," the old man assured him. "Then I shall come out in spots and shall die. I shall go to heaven, where I shall find God to be one gigantic strawberry which will grow no less however much one nibbles, and there I shall have no rash." Mr. Palfrey went away and, since his cousin had married an Irish woman and had persuaded him to read a little of Mr. Yeats, he thought of writing to the poet about this new conception of the Almighty, which seemed to him to have something in common with the reflections of that poet's Indian.

covered
trying

only
and
many
that
lking
going

man
ractly
After
here.
ag if
Mr.

nistic,
man

, but
worth

nswer
or the

to."
iously
koo."
ed to
t was
rouble

said,
effable
an he
" but
never
caused
some
wfully

h it's
there
led.

dream
once
hings,
Take
ows in
Pal-

The

ce you
ll him
there
them
Bit of

while
estion:
ou do

' Then
all go
igantic
much
' Mr.
married
o read
to the
nighty,
ommon



BOROTRA

THE OPERA SEASON AND LONDON AUDIENCES

THE remarkably fine season of opera in London this year makes the detached observer wonder whether the London public likes opera because it is rare, and therefore fresh, or whether it would support grand opera on a grand scale for a longer period.

The London public is generally supposed not to like heavy opera, partly, no doubt, because there is no school of English opera comparable to the German, the Russian, the Italian, or even the French. The English mentality is supposed to appreciate only Gilbert and Sullivan and the 'Belle of New York.' But does it?

The most enthusiastic audiences at Covent Garden were those which attended 'Tristan und Isolde,' 'Die Walküre,' and 'Götterdämmerung.' True, the gallery during the Italian season is noisily appreciative, but most of the noise comes from the Soho contingent, which waxes most enthusiastic when the tenors seem, to British eyes and ears, to be bursting blood vessels in attaining higher and louder notes. They appreciate the raising of clenched and shaking fists, the strewing of the stage with corpses singing energetic swan songs, the flourishing swords, the sobbing, the sweeping cloaks. This is no more ridiculous than the British enthusiasm for Wagner's magic potions, the psychological gloom of Nibelheim, and the extraordinary unimaginative realism of the producer who still insists on showing us Lohengrin's swan as a real imitation bird complete with feathers and a yellow bill. The British public swallows more easily the love potions of Wagner than the singing corpses of Verdi and Puccini, and shows it by leaving gaps in the stalls and even in the gallery during the Italian season. Perhaps, after all, Wagner's heroes drain no empty stage goblets, but pass their magic contents on to us.

The Russian fierceness and colour excite us with the lure of a half-known and half-imagined romanticism. We follow the tortuous German mind with greater felicity than the brilliant clarity of the Latins. We prefer the method of suggestion to that of bold unequivocal statement. In Wagner each man can build or find his own philosophy, and so, in a lesser degree, sympathetic understanding can be reached with the Russians. But the incisive diction of the Italian composers forces their own particular logic and philosophy on the listener, whether he will or no.

Also, the Italian method of singing produces a prodigious amount of voice. It shatters the chandeliers. But it is of a less pleasing quality than the German. Even the Russian intonation is more *sympathique* to British ears. We prefer the smooth German "Aufwiedersehen" to the sobbing Italian "Adi-hee-hee-o."

Probably, much of the success of the Russian season has been due to public curiosity. We found at the Lyceum "something rich and strange," something very definitely un-European, something almost like a voice from another world, familiar enough to be recognized as the international language of music, and strange enough to stir unremembered chords. But mere strangeness would not have been enough to assure success and popularity. Not all of the Russian operas imported by Sir Thomas Beecham are good enough to stand in a permanent repertoire. But some of them, notably 'Roussalka,' and the more familiar 'Boris Goudonov' and 'Prince Igor,' are good enough to survive and outlive the artificial appeal of the intriguing unfamiliar.

But our enthusiasm for grand opera is vitally alive and fairly omnivorous. We are perfectly willing to swallow our reasonable scepticism and our kicking sense of the ludicrous because, though the stage production, with rare exceptions, and the acting, apart from the performances of a few of the stars and an occasional chorus, lag centuries behind the music, the music is superb and has been superbly performed, and that, after all, is of the greatest importance. The only stage productions showing any imaginative originality have been those of 'Die Zauberflöte,' the monastery church scene in 'La Forza del Destino,' and some of the Russian productions, notably the Polovtzi scene of 'Prince Igor.'

It has taken us some time to realize that our opera, brief though the season is, is yet something that comparatively needs no apology, something which enables us, as a musical nation, to bear favourable comparison with the mythical monopolies of Berlin, Milan, Vienna, Munich, New York, certainly with Brussels and Paris.

Space forbids due justice being done to the educational contribution to our musical renaissance by such schools of opera as the Old Vic., Sadler's Wells, and the Carl Rosa Company, but their value can hardly be overestimated.

As to the three main sub-divisions of the season in general, the German has been the most perfectly performed, the Russian the most interesting, at least from the point of view of novelty and strangeness, and the Italian—so far—the most conventional. It remains to be seen whether Romani's new opera 'Fedra' follows the conventions of the Italian school, or whether it breaks new ground.

The German opera has attained a greater flexibility, and with it a greater plausibility for those who desire plausibility. As a rule, Wagner's music drags the singers and the stage behind its super-human immensity. This year there was a greater approximation between the material and the spiritual, without any derogation to the spiritual. The potions and the mechanical devices were less obviously halting in their efforts to attain the planes of the music.

The lighter operas, 'Der Rosenkavalier' and 'Die Fledermaus,' especially with Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann, need no excuse and make no strain on the imagination. They skip of themselves, and prove incontrovertibly that light music is not necessarily bad music, and that a musical comedy story need not be a mixture of improbable sentimentality and unamusing coincidences. The Gilbert and Sullivan addicts are given a revelation of what Sullivan missed, and the purists enjoy a pleasant breathing space between the more serious ritual of 'Tristan' and 'Siegfried.'

To the average British lover of opera, however, the Italian season will always be something of a descent from Parnassus. This year, and other years, not two but half-a-dozen cycles of 'The Ring' could have been booked. If the Italian season were given first, with a short middle period of home-grown and other operas, the public, long deprived of any first-class opera, would queue from the Strand and Long Acre as they do now (or very nearly) for the German opera, and the German season could be prolonged until August with every certainty of adequate patronage.

THE THEATRE A CONTRAST

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Late Night Final. By Louis Weitzenkorn. Phoenix Theatre.

Inquest. By Michael Barringer. Windmill Theatre.

THE difference between the English play called 'Inquest' and the American play called 'Late Night Final' is a fundamental one. It is the difference between a pleasant, but quite trivial entertainment, and a play that is something more than a mere entertainment; between the work of an author who has nothing whatever to say and says that nothing most amusingly and even cleverly, and a dramatist who has something of urgent importance to say and says it forcibly and unequivocally; between a pretty pop-gun and a stick of dynamite; or perhaps most accurately of all, between the work of a playwright and the work of a dramatist.

I had better elaborate this final differentiation, since the words are usually regarded as synonymous. By a "playwright" I mean an author who invents a story and relates it in dramatic form. By a "dramatist" I mean a person who uses the drama as a means of saying something; whose story is not (as it is with the playwright) an end for which the drama is the means, but itself a means, the end in his case being what is called the "moral" of the story.

Let me pause at this point, in order to reassure you that 'Late Night Final' is a first-rate entertainment and continuously interesting, quite apart from its critical exposure of the methods of the American "Tabloid" Press. Mr. Weitzenkorn is not just a well-meaning propagandist vainly struggling to disguise his "message" as a melodrama. On the contrary, he shows himself an exceptionally clever dramatist, and experiments successfully with such difficult material as the tripartite stage. Had this not been so, his play must certainly have "flopped" in London, seeing that (or so we pride ourselves) the methods employed by the American "Tabloid" Press are quite unknown in England, and the moral of 'Late Night Final' therefore a matter of mere idle curiosity, rather than of urgent interest, to English audiences.

Again, in fairness to Mr. Barringer, though I have not been invited to discuss his play, yet, in view of the fact that I am using it to emphasize the excellence of 'Late Night Final,' I must make it clear that 'Inquest' is a charming little comedy about a murder, and that the management of the Windmill Theatre was over-modest in considering it too unsophisticated to interest the readers of an adult weekly paper like the SATURDAY REVIEW. I can safely recommend it as a pleasant summer evening's entertainment. Whether it would still be recommendable, whether indeed it would even be endurable, if a less brilliant actor were substituted for Mr. Herbert Lomas as the Coroner, is another question.

To return to Mr. Weitzenkorn's play, it is perfectly true, as I have already hinted, that its ferocious attack on a certain type of American newspaper is of less immediate interest in London than it must have been to New York audiences. However, the distinction between the "gutter" (or sex-crime) journalism of America and the nearest equivalent we have in England, is less a matter of intention than of the degree of ruthlessness with which a similar intention is pursued by their controllers. In each case the aim is to achieve, preserve, and whenever possible increase, enormous circulations, by pandering to the baser appetites of the lowest classes of the community. In each case the bait is the same: the exploitation of sensational crime, especially sex crimes. And it is not the slightest use our hypocritically pretending that we have not, here in

London, newspapers, with enormous circulations, which, in their influence upon their half-wit readers, are as utterly demoralizing as the *Evening Gazette* of Mr. Weitzenkorn's play. And the fact that they are (for I assume they are) less ruthless in their methods of acquiring sensational "copy," is probably due, not to a less degraded commercial morality, but simply to an inferior commercial efficiency.

It is, perhaps, too late now to suggest that someone—preferably a journalist with an intimate knowledge of the subject—should write a play about our English gutter Press. Such a play would almost certainly be snubbed as a feeble imitation of 'Late Night Final.' But surely there are countless other features of our English life which could be profitably exposed, and possibly remedied, by a competent playwright? Our English theatre-goers (and even more, our English film-goers) are kept well informed with regard to such purely American problems as Chicago bootlegging, New York journalism, and the corruption prevalent in the American courts of justice and their detective force. And apparently they find these problems, which are really no concern of theirs, of intense interest. Surely, *a fortiori*, they would derive an immensely greater interest from a play or a film which dealt with equivalent English problems.

It is idle to pretend that there are no equivalent problems in our English life. It is not so long since a scandal in connexion with police corruption threw a disconcerting light upon the prevalence of systematic bribery in our theoretically incorruptible detective force. There was a hell-sent opportunity and none had the sense to take it. In England we confine our criticism of the police to jokes about the size of their boots! There are "gangs" and "rackets" by the score in London, but our playwrights seem quite unaware of their existence, and of the opportunities they offer for dramatic treatment. Our divorce laws cry aloud for a first-rate propagandist play. There are also the hundred-and-one hypocrisies which stultify our public life in England, all of which would probably provide material for an expository play. I commend them to the notice of our English playwrights, as likely to prove far more profitable commercially than their often amusing, but entirely trivial, variations of erotic adventures and matrimonial delinquencies.

'Late Night Final' grips the attention from start to finish. The ruthlessness with which the unfortunate Mrs. Townsend (who many years before had been acquitted of a sex-crime murder) is dragged away from the respectable obscurity and happiness in which she is living when the play begins, and thrown to the mob as bait with which to catch new readers for the *Evening Gazette*, is exposed in a series of brilliant and laconic scenes. The hypocritical mentality dictating the outrageous "stunt," the "hard-boiled" mentality of those who acquiesce in it, and the surprisingly unenthusiastic attitude of those for whom it is committed—all sides of the abominable business are depicted with a scathing pen. It is only in its tragic effect on the Townsends that the story seems a trifle artificial. This, I think, is partly due to the fact that these victims of the "stunt" are played by English actors. Plans which seemed credible when concocted in the American newspaper office seem slightly unbelievable in the surprisingly British home where they materialize.

The acting and production are first-rate. Mr. Raymond Massey is to be congratulated, both on his brilliant handling of a difficult play and on his fine performance in a far from easy part. As the Townsends, Mr. Eliot Makeham and Miss Louise Hampton played with fine sincerity. Mr. Francis Sullivan gave a splendid character-performance as an unctuous hypocrite; and some excellent "snappy" comedy was provided by Mr. Allen Jenkins.

THE FILMS

TRILBY! TRILBY!!

BY MARK FORREST

Svengali. Directed by Archie Mayo. The Marble Arch Pavilion.

Dishonoured. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The Carlton.

THE main feature of the film version of Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' which comes to the Marble Arch Pavilion, under the title of 'Svengali,' is the photography. All the way through this is excellent, and the Latin Quarter of Paris is most successfully suggested. One sequence especially remains in the mind and, as René Clair opened the film of 'Le Million' with the camera apparently charging over the roofs of Paris, so in 'Svengali' a similar effect has been obtained when the music-master hypnotizes Trilby as she lies asleep in her room.

The scenario writer of this picture has concentrated nearly all his energy in building up a part for John Barrymore, and those whose interest in the book remains reverential will experience many shocks at the treatment which has been meted out to it. Little Billee and his romance with Trilby receive hardly any attention and even Trilby herself is made of small importance. As the change of title suggests, the picture is *Svengali* all the time. John Barrymore makes him a pathetic figure; he casts no great shadow and one is never awed or frightened by his power and the fantastic use to which he puts it. His *Svengali* is merely a pitiful unwashed music teacher, who hypnotizes a beautiful girl for love, not so much of her voice as of herself, and is saddened at the emptiness of such an affection which, when not directly under his influence, remains steadfast to Little Billee. There is nothing sinister in all this since John Barrymore plays for sympathy the whole time. Marian Marsh, a newcomer to the screen, has unfortunately a pronounced American accent which takes away a good deal of her charm in the particular part of Trilby; but in rather an obvious wig she looks charming enough.

The new picture at the Carlton, which features the beautiful Marlene Dietrich, is a great disappointment. There have been ominous signs for some time that the ice of invention is cracking at Hollywood, and the story of 'Dishonoured' does nothing to strengthen the surface. The camera is used excellently, and Herr Josef von Sternberg's direction contains many clever touches to prove that he is a fine director, but these pluses do not balance the minus. I suppose that the germ of the fatuous tale was suggested by the life and death of Mata Hari, but no more than a suggestion of reality is allowed to percolate on to the screen. Added to this misfortune, while the direction shows brilliant spasms, the pace is funereal; Herr von Sternberg took 'Morocco' slowly enough, but that was a cake-walk compared to 'Dishonoured.' Luckily there is nearly always Marlene Dietrich to look upon, and, even in her disguise as the slavey, with her hair screwed back, and an unfamiliar make-up, her face remains a fascinating one. She is supported by Victor McLaghen, whose former boisterous displays I have never cared for; here he is quiet enough, but his performance lacks character which is a criticism that fits all the cast except Warner Oland. If Josef von Sternberg is allowing himself to be led away by the baser elements in Hollywood, the sooner he returns to Germany, and Marlene Dietrich with him, the better for their future and our entertainment; if he chose to write this sort of nonsense without any outside interference, then all I can say is that I do not believe it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

WHYTE-MELVILLE'S UNPUBLISHED VERSE

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the unpublished stanzas by G. J. Whyte-Melville which you have given to the world (SATURDAY REVIEW, June 27). Many years ago I heard them thundered from the pulpit of Canterbury Cathedral by the late Dean Farrar. The occasion was the King's School Speech Day, and the newly appointed Dean of Canterbury was the appropriately invited preacher.

In the course of a characteristically eloquent sermon, he quoted these stanzas to emphasize the misery of ignoble living. Later on, among the crowd of "parents and friends," I heard someone attribute them to Praed. That was doubtless a mistake; but since they are now published for the first time, I wonder how the Dean got hold of them?

I am, etc.,

O. K. S.

Park Place, S.W.1

MEN OF IMPORTANCE

SIR,—I can see that Mr. David Ockham is going to get himself into trouble before his new series has run very long.

While one is forced to agree that Mr. H. G. Wells has nothing more to say and should, therefore, remain silent, it does not seem right that he should be asked to retire for the sake of "the younger generation, desirous and deserving of its due share of the limelight."

Why this constant solicitation for the welfare of our young writers? It is only when they are equal to stand up to the established "stars" that they will be worthy to take their place. Mr. Wells, as a young man, had to fight his own way to the top, and if we are to have young writers to equal him they must be allowed to do the same.

I do not know Mr. Ockham's age, but I hope for his sake he is well advanced in years, otherwise another reason might be suggested for his request to Mr. Wells to step politely out of the way.

I am, etc.,

E. D. MARTELL

Bedford

'EAST LYNNE'

SIR,—I was much disappointed both by the Regal film, 'East Lynne,' and by your critic's notice of it in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. In itself it is a fine film, and Ann Harding makes a most lovely "Lady Isabel," but why not have treated it as a new story altogether, and not pretend that it was "founded on Mrs. Henry Wood's immortal classic"? As 'East Lynne,' it is a mass of inaccuracies. The murder of Halliwell is left out; there is no appearance of "Afy," an important and original character. Archibald (not Robert) Carlyle is completely misrepresented; he was a very good husband though a dense one, and never turned Lady Isabel out of his house—she ran away of her own accord with Capt. Levison, chiefly on account of her jealousy of Barbara, to whom Carlyle, stupidly, though innocently, gave private interviews *in re* her wrongly accused fugitive brother. Carlyle did not marry Barbara the moment the divorce was accomplished; he waited until he was convinced of his

first wife's death. And, to crown all, what can be more absurd than to drag the Franco-Prussian War into a story published in 1861?

I should think Mrs. Henry Wood is turning in her grave.

Highgate

I am, etc.,
F. GRAY

CHURCH AND STAGE

SIR,—I notice that 500 clergymen are to attend a special performance of 'Judas' at the Royalty Theatre this week. This suggests that the question, "Should clergymen attend the Theatre?" is answered in the affirmative.

But, on the other hand, in Scotland and in many parts of England and Wales, the theatre is still viewed with suspicion. I also understand that the Roman Catholic Church definitely prohibits its priesthood from attending theatrical performances.

Is it not time that the Church declared itself an ally of the theatre, as so many of my clerical friends have done? These clergymen are going to 'Judas' because 'Judas' is a play based on a Scriptural theme, but will they go further and publicly patronize all plays of good report?

The Church and the Theatre should be allies and not enemies. The clergy with their influence could keep a good play running for months. But too often they choose to confine their influence to seeking out and advertising the plays that seem bad to them.

I wonder what your readers of all denominations think on the question, "Should clergymen attend theatres?"

I am, etc.,
GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

The British Drama League

PICASSO

SIR,—When I attacked the work of Picasso in the SATURDAY REVIEW some time ago, I annoyed the admirers of this modern painter. I found many sympathizers with my theory that Picasso's position in art had been created by irresponsible criticism, by the publication of books that purported to show that Picasso was sufficiently important to be classified with Holbein, Dürer, Gainsborough, etc.

There is an exhibition at a London gallery called "Thirty Years of Pablo Picasso." It reveals the "master" in various phases of his painting career. I defy anybody to prove that a single work in this selection remotely approaches great art. The picture 'La Vie' is a mediocre piece of academic drawing. 'Le Corsage Jaune' is mere juvenile futility. The abstract 'Still Lives' are utterly meaningless now and, however science may modify our conception of the universe, always will be. There is hardly a student with any knowledge of drawing who could not have painted 'La Grecque.'

The fact that these things are framed in beautiful old frames, and heralded by verbal sophistry that is in itself old-fashioned and unconvincing, will not deceive the public.

Why do such pictures apparently deceive the critics, and how is it that influential people applaud them and get them acquired for public and private galleries? The critics in some mysterious way have been won over to the cause of Picasso. It would be amusing to reprint what some of them said about the "master" twenty years ago. Has he improved to such an extent that he is now entitled to stand with the greatest men of all time?

This is an interesting problem in contemporary art.

I fancy the devotees of Picasso would be unlikely to agree with me in my suggestion that his reputation is on the verge of a slump, and that art will be the better for it.

This country has endured far too much modern French art, and reaction is coming. It is time that London ceased to be the dumping ground of unproved foreign experimenters to the detriment of several really great English artists such as Evelyn Cheston, who died comparatively unknown, and who very seldom sold her masterly pictures.

ADRIAN BURY

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

SIR,—Our politicians in Great Britain are again the victims of many obsessions. One is that a nation can make, can manufacture a constitution for another race, or rather for a congeries of rival races and religions. For this, however, there is no justification in the whole history of mankind, and ex-President Coolidge struck the right note in his article published in the *Herald Tribune* last year. He is convinced that a nation cannot make a constitution for another race. He is also convinced that a constitution is the last phase in a long and painful evolution. Accordingly the constitutions evolved in Great Britain and in Europe cannot appear in India, as they are all evolutions from nationhood and there is no nationhood in India.

Federation, again, is derived from the Latin word *fœdus*, a treaty, and federation is the result of a treaty made by neighbouring nations to establish a central government. In India we have no nations; moreover, our provinces can never become nations, as they are themselves mosaics of rival races and religions.

Again, let us remember that in federation is implicit the right to secede. Accordingly a leading Mohammedan addressed an immense gathering of Mohammedans at Allahabad on December 29. He contended that federation meant a Hindu Raj, and this no Mohammedan would tolerate. Therefore he advocated the secession of the Mohammedan provinces in the north of India to join Afghanistan.

India can only be governed by an autocratic Raj, seeing that an English form of government and a federation are both impossible. And the common sense of anyone familiar with India would at once accept this solution. I quote in support of this contention the speech of Sir William Birdwood before the Royal Empire Society: "We must make sure that we maintain in our hands, seeing that India is not a nation, such subjects as Defence, Foreign Policy, Finance and Law and Order."

I am, etc.,
INDIA IMPERIALIST

'DISESTABLISHMENT'

SIR,—Establishment in the Church of England is, and must be, discipline and doctrine "by the authority of Parliament." Until 1534, the Pope was the recognized source of ecclesiastical canon law. In that year the "act of submission" subjected things ecclesiastical to the laws, statutes, and customs of the realm, and by an accompanying statute, 25 Henry VIII, Cap. XX: "An Act for the non-payment of first-fruits to the Bishop of Rome," abolished Papal authority root and branch, see Section III; curiously enough an act with such a title is the source of episcopal succession in our Church, and is still operative. This Act, "by the authority of Parliament," vests in the crown unrestricted nomination of a candidate to a Bishopric, and election with subsequent consecration, restricted by the "pains and penalties of the *statute of the provision and præmunire*," Section VII. Incidentally, this statute took away the freedom of election to the Episcopate promised by Magna Carta, "Libera sit ecclesia Anglicana" and commended by Pope Innocent III.

The result of this appears to be the contention that the word "Mass," attached to the transitional

Prayer Book of 1549, with its definite prohibition of "elevation or turning to the people," is equivalent to the Mass, according to the use of Sarum, if vicars thought so, and bishops *did not*. Even Marian vicars, it appears, retained their vicarages, when an Act of Uniformity (1 Elizabeth, Cap. II), still a part of the Book of Common Prayer, was issued perforce without the words "Lords spiritual."

I am, etc.,

Eastbourne

P. G. CAWLEY

SIR,—One of your correspondents seems to me to have hit the right nail on the head when he said no one can say when the Church of England was established. To fix a date for that alleged event is as difficult as it is for our Roman Catholic friends to fix a date when the Church of England began, as a justification of their contention that it is a modern body usurping the place of the old pre-Reformation Church.

The "establishment" of the Church is just a convenient word denoting a complicated nexus of historical facts, dating back at least to the coming of Augustine, and probably to centuries earlier; for the remnants of the old British Church were absorbed (imperfectly) into the Church of Augustine at the Council of Whitby in 664. Christianity during the centuries became part and parcel of English social life. It affected the Constitution in all its aspects, from the Coronation of the King to the marriage of the humblest of that King's subjects. It was all these facts, taken in the aggregate, that constituted "establishment." The Reformation introduced a further complication in the form of dissenting sects, Roman and otherwise. The question then arose: Why should one form of Christianity have legal privileges above others?

If, however, this question be put as one of bald fair play ("No form of belief should have privileges above others"), then we are faced by the fact that such a maxim never has been carried out in any country. If no school of thought should have privileges above others, why should Christianity be looked at by the law as deserving more recognition than atheism? On the other hand, if the law were indifferent to either atheism or religion, then at once the law gives a privileged position to "indifferentism," as against the belief that religion is a factor of positive value. However you try, you really cannot avoid giving privileges to some school of thought or other.

Does the problem not really come to this? Establishment is simply the name of a nexus of facts relating to religion. It is not a matter of fundamental principle, but of social expediency. If that nexus of facts serves on the whole to produce beneficial results, it should be maintained; if not, it should be abolished or amended. At present, it is hard to see what really valuable results would be attained by raising a problem of disestablishment which would affect endless aspects of the national life when we have quite enough to worry us as it is.

I am, etc.,

Highbury, N.5

J. W. POYNTER

THE ETHICS OF TAXATION

SIR,—Mr. Jarrett seems to resemble Mr. Snowden, whose Land Tax policy he so vigorously defends. His temper seems to be as bad as his economics. To begin with the second of these two qualifications, Mr. Jarrett defends the proposition that to tax a certain class because they possess taxable property, is just and expedient. He goes on to state that the only alternative is to tax all classes, whether they have any taxable property or no, which is, of course, sheer nonsense. If

the taxing authority tries to tax a class that has no taxable property, the taxes are not paid, that is all. The taxing authority is by sheer force of circumstances forced to mend its ways.

But that admitted fact does not establish Mr. Jarrett's proposition that, put into plain language, comes to a mere policy of grab. For the frank truth is that taxation is a very tricky business, and if applied indiscriminately on the Snowden-Jarrett plan can do immense damage. For example, the middle class, whom Mr. Jarrett hates, own taxable property. But they are also the biggest consumers of the working man's products. If, therefore, they are, on Mr. Jarrett's principles, unmercifully taxed, they must retrench on their consumption, and Mr. Jarrett and his friends suffer.

The fact is that Mr. Jarrett ignores the distinction between fixed and fluid wealth, as do most Socialists. Blinded by his own class bias and spite, he cannot see that a wealthy man might nevertheless find it impossible to raise ready cash sufficient to pay such an amount of taxation as his apparent wealth might seem to warrant, without taking steps likely to injure his own employees, or even the country at large; witness the overburdened landowner forced to allow bad speculative builders to disfigure the country. Sound taxation should strive to raise from every class according to their means, only so much as that class could pay without serious repercussions on their own and other people's lives. Moreover, all classes should be touched, otherwise there is a danger of vindictive taxation. The lorry driver should not pay as much, or as much in proportion, as the millionaire, but he should pay something, and he should know that he was paying it, and why, as he often does not to-day, owing to our vicious system of confining direct taxation to a small class.

I am, etc.,

Framfield, Sussex

J. W. A. HUNT

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—“Truth Seeker” does not appear to understand what Christ did promise to the Church He founded. The promise was that the Church, when teaching on matters of Faith and Morals, would never err. It was never promised that the members of His Church would be impeccable or devoid of personal failings. That Church, which St. Paul calls “the pillar and ground of truth,” the Catholic Church claims to be, and hence her claims are quite reconcilable with the promises of Christ when she insists that she has never taught anything false in matters of Faith and Morals.

I am amused that our claims should be “publicly dealt with and disposed of by a World Conference of Christian Churches and the League of Nations.” The “Christian Churches” have two things to do before they attempt to refute our claims: (1) free themselves from the control of States and cease having their doctrines of Faith decided for them by secular Parliaments; (2) obtain some kind of unity and agreement among themselves at least on the most fundamental of Christian doctrines such as the Blessed Trinity, the Godhead of Christ.

“Truth Seeker's” Christian Churches are certainly united in one aspect—a complete ignorance of Catholicism and a bitter hatred of everything connected with Rome.

As for Ireland and Mexico, they are excellent fulfilments of Christ's prophecy, “Beware of men . . . you shall be brought before kings and governors for my sake.” There is no danger of any such thing happening to State Churches, like the Church of England.

I am, etc.,

Clapham, S.W.

BRITISH CATHOLIC

4 July 1931

NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

Imagined Corners. By Willa Muir. Secker. 7s. 6d.*A Little Learning.* By Doreen Wallace. Benn. 7s. 6d.*Portrait of an Airman.* By Philip Arnall. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.*Loveliest of Friends!* By G. Sheila Donisthorpe. Old Royalty. 8s. 6d.

IF the first duty of a reviewer, as some basely pretend, is to give an account of the book he is reviewing, then I must confess my inability before 'Imagined Corners.' Not that the style of Mrs. Muir is at all obscure. Disraeli, after listening to J. S. Mill's maiden speech, remarked: "Ah! at last! The finishing governess." Mrs. Muir writes: "That obliquity of the earth with reference to the sun, that makes twilight linger both at dawn and dusk in northern latitudes, prolongs summer and winter with the same uncertainty in a dawdling autumn and a tardy spring." I prefer to see in such terrible sentences a donnish affectation of humorous pedantry, and anyhow, though it may be dull, it is not cryptic, this style, unlike that of the stammering illiterate, Gertrude Stein. Nor is the plot of 'Imagined Corners' complicated. Into Calderwick, where all is going wrong, breaks a woman who, twenty years ago, escaped from provincialism, and rescues the only person who deserves to be rescued. And yet—here is the point—Mrs. Muir offers no alternative to Calderwick but a vague dissipation of energy. The Scottish Presbyterians have gone wrong. Have the rebels gone right? Are prudery and promiscuity the only alternatives?

Twenty years ago Lizzie Shand ran away with a married schoolmaster. She now returns to find the minister driving his brother from mild into certifiable insanity, John Shand, amiable and unassertive, Hector Shand, determinedly and perhaps predestinatedly the black sheep, Mabel Shand, a fool, her namesake a romantic astray, and the dour stuffiness of the small town as dour and as stuffy as ever. Something happens to Lizzie, a spiritual experience, maybe, or more probably the recognition by an experienced woman of middle age that she is no longer frightened by the environment of her girlhood. "She was an unassailable point within the compass of her body, the centre, as it were, of a dimly perceived circle. The central point, she felt, was beyond the reach of accident and passion; it could not be touched through injury to the body around it. Unmoved, assured, it could look fearlessly at anything." Does this mean more than that she was, "as it were," adult, and the little home-town, "she felt," no longer contained her?

This mature Lizzie comes back to Calderwick, and explains her dress to Aunt Janet. "I'll allow you to call it demi-mourning if you like. . . Eminently suitable for a demi-mondaine." This piece of ill manners—what else can you call it?—is followed by shallow blasphemy. "Some are born to be black sheep, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them. But I am the three in one, and the one in three!" At this, we are told, "she was so droll that everybody laughed." More pearls had she to throw before swine. When she heard that it is still "very wicked" for a woman to smoke a cigarette in Calderwick, she replies: "I can only suppose, then, that a cigarette has a suggestive shape, and that when a man sees a woman sticking a cigarette into her mouth—" If all that Lizzie has to offer to Calderwick is pertness of this kind, one wonders whether bouncing from German lover to German lover is definitely superior to stagnating in Scotland. Lizzie thinks it is and runs away with

her namesake to that greater freedom that consists of talking Freud in second-rate boarding-houses on the Riviera.

But 'Imagined Corners' is not an imaginative work; it shows a very intelligent and sensitive woman writing a novel, as it were, for a wager. Those who prefer the deliberated to the spontaneous, as I do not, will enjoy what Mrs. Muir has done. Just being clever in fictional form does not amuse me. I like a novelist to tell a tale, or at least be stimulated by some passion. However, for the sketch of Mrs. Scrymgeour, wife of the local g.p., one must be grateful to Mrs. Muir. The doctor's wife is a noticeable type in all Calderwicks, and Emily Scrymgeour is her best representative. Her mixture of liberalism with knowingness, of benevolence with curiosity, is quite superb.

Under our present system of education it is possible for a boy or girl of the working classes to attain to the senior universities, without any degrading nonsense about sizarships; all must recognize that this is a very good thing. Too often, unhappily, like Olive in 'A Little Learning,' the scholarship winner is so racked by the intensive pressure of passing examinations that when he has got up to Oxford or Cambridge he crashes before his finals. Olive did that. Also she lost touch with the class she was leaving without winning acceptance in the class for which she was qualifying. These failures are perhaps ten per cent. of the total, though some educationists with whom I have spoken put the proportion higher, and wonder whether a university is not being made a post-secondary-tertiary school. This curious and quite modern development, the Olive Flowerdew, who alternates between two worlds, at ease in neither, deserved study. Miss Wallace's is the first I have seen, and it interested me very much, being written moreover with humour and sense, though without much subtlety. 'A Little Learning,' irrespective of its social implications, may be enjoyed as a brisk and full-blooded narrative.

The problems raised by 'Portrait of an Airman' are less urgent, but the generation that is growing ripe for the next war will discover useful hints about the first solo flight in the air, the picking up of skirts, and the general ennui following on the subsidence into peace. We are getting a little bored by the personal experiences of temporary gentlemen who now tell almost as eagerly as they kissed; and wish that the signal of 'All Quiet on the Western Front' had provoked a less noisy barrage. Mr. Arnall deserves attention, however, because he is realistic, almost flatly so, in the primary sense of that epithet. He describes, without splashing in blood and mud, how a timid boy matured under the double stress of adventures in the air and adventures in the alcove. The latter are not remarkable for originality, and the former are gritty with technical terms. But it was well worth writing, this book, and is well worth reading.

The horrific requires greater talents than those possessed by Miss Donisthorpe, if the ridiculous is to be avoided. "Look at her now; grey flesh pared thin and tear blistered, starved and hopeless eyes, by a flame consumed; a name like a sigh escaping her ever-moving lips, hands whose fingers tear incessantly at some invisible object tortured with the ragged nerves of the invert. . . This, then, is the product of lesbianism. This, the result of dipping the fingers of vice into a sex welter whose deadly force crucifies in a slow eternal bleeding." This rant in 'Loveliest of Friends!' is rare, and the author has been able in her less bleeding passages to present strongly the figures of the pervert and her victim, and also to suggest the mysterious attraction of this vice. There is bathos here, but a fierce sincerity goes to redeem it, and the gay, gallant, vicious Kim is something unique. Aristophanes and Mr. Compton Mackenzie have been unable to avoid seeing the comic side of this perversion. To Miss Donisthorpe it is very, very serious indeed.

REVIEWS

MISS MANNIN ON CHILDREN

Common Sense and the Child. By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 6s.

MISS ETHEL MANNIN has written a most valuable and courageous book, setting out under a number of headings the unnecessary tortures and distortions to which most children are subjected, and giving simply worded advice to parents as to how to avoid these evils. Anyone who has ever tried to make a group of children happy and intelligent, or rather to allow them to be as happy and intelligent as they are naturally disposed to be, has inevitably come up against the various forms of futile slavery which convention imposes upon the young.

I wish I could suppose that readers would accept what Miss Mannin says, for example, about cleanliness and clothes. Ignorant educationists, visiting any modern school, get the impression that the children are dirty and neglected; that is to say, nobody stops them if they wish to engage in activities such as tree-climbing, which will dirty their hands and tear their clothes. To insist that a child shall be always spotlessly clean and immaculately dressed is to impose upon it a tyranny which makes all healthy activity impossible. Monkeys in the Zoo are allowed to amuse themselves as their nature demands, but few parents and still fewer education authorities treat children as kindly as monkeys in the Zoo are treated.

Miss Mannin speaks admirably on the subject of parental tyranny, especially the subtler kind which works through the emotions. "Every child," she says, "has a great need of love, but the need is for a love which is sympathetic understanding, not a love which is constant petting and endearments; it neither wants nor needs that kind of love; its need is for acceptance and understanding." And again: "It is monstrous to ask a child, for instance, 'You do love me, don't you, darling?' It bewilders the child, drags it out of its natural emotional depths, and sets up all sorts of conflict."

It is painful to discover what a very large proportion of parents are bad for their children. This applies even to those who have a great deal of modern knowledge on the subject of child psychology, for when it comes to their own case, they seem unable to apply the knowledge. Everyone who has even a tincture of child psychology knows, for example, that children should not be urged to eat, yet nearly all parents cause negativism in their children, and when they first bring them to school state solemnly that it is almost impossible to get their children to eat enough; yet these same children, after a day or two at school, will eat voraciously and demand second helpings. The parents, though they know the technique, have found themselves incapable of applying it. Doctors recognize that it is not wise for them to give medical treatment to their own families because of over-anxiety. The same cause very frequently makes parents incapable of dealing wisely with their own children. The reader, if a parent, will probably disagree, but if he will remember his own childhood, he will find his disagreement vanishing.

Miss Mannin deals very straightforwardly with the question of sexuality and sex knowledge in childhood; every word that she says on this subject appears to me just. Parents find pleasure in compelling their children to make an artificial display of innocence; this form of tyranny makes children deceitful, fills them with a sense of sin, and is a frequent cause of complexes in adult life. Persons who think sex sinful ought not to have children. Unfortunately in Christian countries 99 per cent. of the population consciously or unconsciously feel that there is something nasty about

sex. This opinion is often held unconsciously by those who consciously profess the opposite view with great vehemence. Miss Mannin is admirable on the non-sensical habit of approaching sex instruction through the pollination of flowers. Children will never know that sex is nasty unless you convey this opinion to them, and to those who do not know that it is nasty, it is not nasty.

There is an admirable chapter called 'Culture can't be Taught.' The teaching of culture to young children is another form of the teaching of hypocrisy, or, what is even worse, the teaching of a fear of reality. Well-meaning spinsters like to tell the children pretty stories about elves and fairies, and to preserve them from all contact with the rough facts of this coarse world. In so far as these good ladies succeed in their endeavours, they unfit their pupils for any sane and vigorous part in life.

The things which are desired of children are not the right things. A child should be vigorous and filled with adventurous curiosity, and he should live in an environment where these qualities will lead him to acquire the aptitudes that he will need later on. But hardly any of those who control his life are likely to promote this kind of thing. Parents, for their own convenience, wish him to be submissive, and from snobbery before their neighbours wish him to be tidy and well-mannered; schools wish him to do them credit in athletics or in examinations; churches wish him to be intellectually submissive; the State wishes him to be a docile and skilful assassin. All of them wish him to deny his instinctive life, and to conceal his real emotions under a thick cloak of hypocrisy and humbug. Between them they succeed in manufacturing adults who tolerate the insane world in which we live, where men starve in the midst of over-production, and the most refined resources of science are devoted to mutual extermination.

If Miss Mannin's principles were adopted, children would not be tortured as they are now into various forms of unrecognized lunacy, but would, when they became adult, use their common sense to make an end of the cruel absurdities which threaten the very existence of our civilization.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE DRINK PROBLEM

A Review of the Effects of Alcohol on Man. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

SOME time ago a group of notable people, including Mr. Snowden and Mr. W. L. Hitchens, instituted an enquiry into the alcohol problem of this country in its medical, social and economic aspects, and the medical side of the report now appears, divided into eight sections dealing with alcohol in relation to Physiology, Toxicology, Resistance to Disease, Mental Effects, Mental Disorders, Pathology, Medicine, and Heredity. Science is, for the time being, a solvent of prejudice; indeed, the first and most significant note struck by a book to which a dozen distinguished men and women have contributed is impartiality.

Alcohol cannot replace protein in food, for it contains no nitrogen, but it can supply energy for the body. It has a bad action on the heart, becoming a depressant when given in large doses; the warmth it produces is deceptive and it has little power to stimulate specific effort. The rum ration in the Navy was found to reduce the accuracy of gun practice by 30 per cent. "It is more dangerous to be drunk nowadays than ever before," we are told; the need for efficiency and the dangers of transport call for special consideration. Alcohol has the worst effects when taken on an empty stomach, and taken in dilute form is most conducive to drunkenness. Epileptic fits are increased by

alcohol, which acts as a poison. The ability to take much spirit without ill effects is a dangerous symptom. It is suggested that pathological drunkenness should be admitted as a legal defence in murder trials, and we are assured that it must be so admitted at no distant date.

Inevitably, the cocktail habit is denounced. Cocktails, or many of them, contain essential oils that are cerebral stimulants and may even be powerful convulsants. Damage to tissue by alcohol is permanent and hard drinkers are specially susceptible to pneumonia, but where dietary is limited, the exclusion of alcohol may be disastrous. An example is brought from the Island of Nauru, where a native drink which held Vitamin B in the form of yeast was forbidden by a League of Nations' Mandate. An outbreak of beri-beri followed.

Cancer of tongue, gullet, or stomach among those engaged in the drink trade are not due to alcohol, nor is there evidence that alcohol can lead to the growth of cancerous tissue. Gastritis among beer drinkers is probably due to the volume of the liquor, not to its content. Alcohol does not cause cirrhosis of the liver, nor is it likely to exercise degenerative action upon the walls of the arteries. There is some doubt about the effect of drink on Bright's disease.

In medicine, alcohol is valuable for its narcotic action and is helpful in the evening of our day. It is taken best with the late meal, but it has no value as a body-builder or blood-former. In acute fevers it has been found useful, when administered by a professional man. For the full biological effects of alcoholism we are told we must rely upon more experiments on animals; oddly enough, delicate, tuberculous and epileptic children are more frequent among the children of sober parents, possibly because alcohol acts as a selective agent upon germ cells and developing embryos, eliminating the weak and leaving the strong. In this way, it is suggested, drunkards may help the race by wiping out with alcohol the weak gamete and embryo. But the physically strong children with alcoholic taint may suffer from mental defects.

The compilers of this interesting volume draw no conclusions, and, where they have not dared to tread, no reviewer need rush in.

"QUI S'EXCUSE . . ."

Nullity of Marriage. By F. J. Sheed. Sheed and Ward. 2s. 6d.

IS the practice of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to granting decrees of nullity "a set of loopholes by which the Church allows that escape from unsuccessful marriages which more honest societies permit by divorce"? The language is not polite, but it is that of the author of this book, who sets out to prove that all is for the best in the best of all ecclesiastical worlds. "Never apologize. Never explain" was the policy of the late Lord Fisher, and Mr. Sheed would have been wise to follow it. For this book will convince nobody but those who are converted already. Its whole theme is that the policy of Rome in regard to nullity is in essence the same as that of English law. "I propose," writes Mr. Sheed, "in discussing the Church's law of nullity, to make some comparison with the English law of nullity. In general the principles are the same in both." Yet in respect of some of the vital points (at pp. 24, 25, 28 and 60) Mr. Sheed has to admit that, while the policy of Rome is clear, the points have never come before English courts at all. If Mr. Sheed had gone further into the policy of English law, he would have realized that some of these points could never in practice come before English courts simply because our law provides a law of divorce.

The Roman grounds for nullity are clearly set out in this book. Controversy centres mainly round the

rule that Rome annuls marriages where "the parties did not agree to marry," meaning by marriage "the permanent union of a man and a woman for the propagation of the species." If, however long afterwards, it can be proved before a Roman court (sitting in private) that the parties made mental reservations about the duration of their marriage or "the propagation of the species," then Rome will annul, as it did in the Marconi case. To build up an analogy in English law from the Bethell case of 1888, where an Englishman married a native of Baralong (where polygamy prevailed), or from the Nachimson case of 1930 (where the parties married in 1924 in Moscow under Soviet law), is special pleading pure and simple. Similarly Mr. Sheed's analogy between the two systems as regards "want of consent" is absurdly biased. In the Marlborough case the parties were married in 1895 and lived together till 1905, having two children, and in 1926 Rome annulled the marriage because of coercion by the Duchess's mother in 1894-5. It is ridiculous to suggest that English courts could ever do the same. In English law the time factor is all-important. Couples who live together for years and have children could never get their marriage annulled for want of consent or form.

This book shows how easy it is for people, even non-Catholics, to mislead the Roman courts into granting nullity decrees. The "defensor vinculi" is no protection against perjury and Mr. Sheed writes pure rubbish on the subject, though he admits that the decrees granted "may be erroneous." He is at pains to explain that to the Roman Church marriage means only "the consummated marriage of the baptised." But those who read this book, as also those who live in the world with their eyes open, will realize what subterfuges Rome allows whereby those who are married and yet wish to contract other unions may do so.

No reviewer likes even to appear to attack anybody's religion, but when a Roman Catholic comes out into the open with an explanation of what even to most Roman Catholics is inexplicable, it is necessary to show clearly the hollowness of his arguments. If anything justifies a divorce law, this book does

CYRIL MARTIN

QUEEN CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra: A Royal Voluptuary. By Oskar von Wertheimer. Translated by Huntley Pater-son. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

NEITHER the full title nor the publisher's description on the jacket fairly represents the nature of this book nor the quality of its author. We are invited to expect a romantic travesty of history boldly claiming to rival the highly personal style of such biographers as Mr. Strachey or M. Maurois. In fact, we find an exhaustive collection of the facts, presented with German thoroughness and with scarcely any of the emphasis which the art of sensational portraiture requires. The book is rather a record and a history of the period from the point of view of its heroine than a study of the woman who has moved the imagination of the poets and has become personal to us through the poetry of Shakespeare. At the same time, historians will probably demur to Herr von Wertheimer's conclusions, since on disputed matters he makes his own decisions and gives no indication that any question has been raised. For example, he accepts without qualification that Julius Caesar was the father of Cleopatra's child Cæsarion, and that Cæsar and she explored the Upper Nile in company, whereas Froude, the biographer of Cæsar, has explicitly denied both. With this caution the book can be read with interest. Compared with its vulgar title it is a painstaking and serious work,

but the absence of notes and references is odd, since the author has studied, if not always digested, his sources.

With all the facts that the author has collected before us, we find that a personal portrait of Cleopatra eludes us, for the personal touches are wanting to illustrate the fascination that she had. We know that Cæsar lingered with her, that Antony could not tear himself away, but there seems to be scarcely more in her earlier biographies than to arouse and entice the imagination of the poets. In truth, though there is colour no less than detail in these pages, Cleopatra is primarily represented not as a voluptuary but as a stateswoman who used her power over men to safeguard her dynasty and to preserve her throne. The opening chapters are crowded with details of the family history of the Ptolemies, which become the more involved from the marriage of so many brothers and sisters. One certainly carries away a valuable impression of the importance of Egypt at a time when our thoughts are usually concentrated on Rome, and there is a vivid chapter devoted to the splendours of the city of Alexandria.

The rest of the book falls into two clear divisions. The first deals with Cæsar and Cleopatra and ends with his assassination; and the second with Cleopatra and Antony, closing with Cleopatra's death. As usual, wherever Cæsar appears in person he dwarfs all lesser interest, and Cleopatra's long stay with him in Rome, where he was always her master (whether or no she was his mistress as the author states), offers a dramatic contrast to the sequel, when Antony became her plaything. Antony is the real voluptuary of the book, and he appears much more the adventurer than the hero. Cleopatra is represented to have been a woman who placed all her personal fascination at the service of her political ambition, and the consequence is that she becomes a worthy focus for a history of her times. Such biographies are certainly for general readers the most engaging means of reading history, and if these wish for a revelation of Cleopatra's personal character nothing can hope to compete with Shakespeare's enthralling play. The present volume is a compromise between history and biography, and since our appetite for portraiture is satisfied by Shakespeare, it is refreshing to find how deep is the interest of the history that writers who are not historians overlook.

The best way to understand Cleopatra in her double aspect of beautiful siren and ambitious queen is to read Shakespeare's tragedy and Herr von Wertheimer's history together. The history is not only interesting and (apart from her) unfamiliar, but it necessarily contains the hints which the poet's imagination developed so marvellously. Whether you begin with the tragedy and then recognize its sources, or start with the history and observe how imagination and selection can transform it into a work of art that shall yet be true to its sources, does not matter, but it is enormously interesting to watch the doings of Rome from the point of view of one who had to outwit it, and to realize how rich was life on the fringes of the empire when, by contact with Rome, Egypt was forced to rise above the personal ambitions of the Ptolemies and to be drawn into the centre of European affairs. Cleopatra the queen, intent on preserving her own ascendancy and the virtual independence of her kingdom, is a much more remarkable character than the heroine of sensational romance. Unlike Antony, she had something more than appetites, and in this book we see her as much above him as she was below Cæsar himself. In this study the author has three characters to contrast and three portraits to paint, and with this to give design to his work he has crowded his canvas with historical detail. It is here that selection and more skilful

grouping would have been welcome; but one cannot have everything, and a competent historical survey of the epoch in which this famous trio lived is well worth reading. Only those attracted by the title will have any reason to be disappointed. The genuine student of history will find a sober piece of work.

OSBERT BURDETT

A CONSERVATIVE RESTATEMENT

Ich Dien: The Tory Path. By Viscount Lymington. Constable. 4s. 6d.

ALL sane action is directed to a purpose and common action must be directed to a common purpose. Controversy comes from different and conflicting aims; there is no essential difference between political controversy in a nation and civil war. Where either exists, the continuity and prosperity of the nation are destroyed.

In our day politics are hopelessly divided. In the "Conservative" and "Socialist" Parties (unlike the Liberal) there is not even a consistently held motive within the party organism. Ask any of the party leaders or would-be dictators; ask any Cabinet Minister of the past forty years, and if he is not a Liberal, he will be unable to answer, and if he is a Liberal he will not dare. Party-mongering and careerism have reduced our constitutional machinery to a means of enabling opportunists to get office in their own interests, each faction supported by degraded newspapers and amazing books on economics and constitutional surgery. Even our literature is unenlightened by any principle or coherent standard of taste.

Some abortive genius has indeed been displayed in our time with regard to Irish politics by such men as Wyndham, Plunkett and "A. E.," but in English history we have to look back to Wentworth and St. John. The decline in statesmanship from Castlereagh to the cabinets of George V resembles a relapse from the lion to the adder. Without a purpose such is bound to be the case, and that there is no commonly accepted purpose is proved by the existence of party.

Lord Lymington is clear-sighted enough to see that the aim of our politics is to maintain the superiority of the English type and to control economics and science to that end. Neither men nor jelly-fish have any choice as to their line of true progress, though their opportunities to go wrong are innumerable. There is only one right way for each, and that does not depend on opinion. The way of an Englishman is to lead and follow the lead of the living inspiration of his national faith. To many of us it has seemed that the bugle call would never sound again. But Lord Lymington reminds us that faith and purpose and hope and vision are symbolized in the motto that looks so foreign and is yet so essentially English—"Ich Dien."

WILLIAM SANDERSON

EAST AND WEST

The Golden East. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. Long. 21s.

TO see the changing East as an Afghan gentleman sees it would be interesting in any case, but when our guide demonstrates by the freedom of his English that he not only knows our language but is also intimate with the ideas it expresses, what he has to say is doubly useful; for it is from this country, more than from any other, that the impulse came which is affecting and perhaps overthrowing immemorial cultures in Hither Asia, Egypt and India, to say nothing of China and Japan. It is this change that the Sirdar chronicles, though he also points to the deep conservatism of the

Asiatic countryman, as distinct from the townsman, as a factor in the revolution which it is perilously easy to overlook.

In the present book the Sirdar writes of modern Turkey, of Syria and Palestine and Iraq, of Persia, Turkestan, Arabia and India, and always he has something interesting to tell us, for he is a shrewd observer, and his nationality and religion—he is, of course, a Muslim—give him opportunities of contact denied to the European. Yet it is often a European mind with which we are engaged. The Sirdar knows and feels the quiescence, the patience and the fatalism of the religious East; but he is swayed also by the eagerness to probe and analyse and know, which is the spirit of the scientific West. He knows much of history, something of prehistory, and is an understanding student of religion. He is indeed of those who are both by knowledge and sympathy peculiarly fitted to act as interpreters of clashing cultures and as composers of differences.

One of the best papers is that entitled 'The Desert Raiders,' in which the Sirdar tells us of his visit to the Wahabi Sultan, and then of his sojourn in Iraq, illustrating the points of view of the desert and the sown, the settled Arabs and their Bedouin brothers. Good, too, is his story of the Turks, apropos the new Turkey, though he is a little confusing when he refers to Eastern Anatolia as "the cradle" of the Turks, whose cradle surely was the Asiatic steppes. By cradle, however, we take the Sirdar to mean, in this connexion, the place where the intruding warriors became one with the autochthonous people of Anatolia whose racial character has been curiously stable through the ages.

Illustrating his comments on the peoples whose cultures he describes, the Sirdar tells some excellent stories. What could be better than that of the Kurdish brigand and the Persian lady, with its glowing romance and the ironic sting in its tail, unless it be that with which the Sirdar illustrates the relations between the English administration and the fierce tribes of the North-West Frontier, the tale of a feud and its ending, in which the hate engendered by an unintended injury is at last conquered by a benefaction equally accidental? The book is fully illustrated with beautifully clear photographs printed on a buff ground.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT GRAVES

Poems (1926-1930). By Robert Graves. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

CROSS-REFERENCES from one art to another are dangerous things, but it is not perilous to compare Robert Graves's new volume of poems with Ben Nicholson's exhibition of painting, held recently at the Bloomsbury Galleries. Many of Mr. Nicholson's best paintings are abstract designs diversely put together from such ingredients as playing-cards and hair-brushes and bottles. Mr. Graves has come under influences in verse parallel to those which possess Mr. Nicholson in paint, but as there was not a picture in the exhibition which left a doubt of Mr. Nicholson's thorough knowledge of his craft, so not a poem in 'Poems (1926-1930)' hints at anything but a mastery of verse technique.

Robert Graves has delivered himself prolifically of verse, but it seems to me to show steady betterment from year to year, and a steady increase in strength. It began with a "hey-diddy-diddle" period of nursery rhyme and balladry, which produced several good poems and also trained him usefully in control. And since then, as his poetry has become graver and deeper, he has not discarded traditional verse forms, but like every good poet, he has made them dance to his need and obey the instructions of each individual poem. Moreover, he has a rich imagination, combines reason with it, is intelligently curious and stringently

self-critical. The sparse ninety pages of this four years' crop show no signs of clumsy or facile composition, and must have been reworked and reworked scrupulously. They are not cheerful poems. When they are not investigating states of mind, the nature of reality, and the reality of time and space, they are concerned with aridity of life or aridity of death. More cheerless poems would not be easy to find than "Landscape," from which these two verses come.

Nature is always so, you find
That brutal-comic mind,
As wind,
Retching among the empty spaces,
Ruffling the idiot grasses,
The sheep's fleeces.

or than 'Ship Master,' the poem of a ship:

In ballast only due to fetch
The turning point of wretchedness;
On an uncoasted featureless
And barren ocean of blue stretch.

or 'It Was All Very Tidy,' the poem of an intolerably neat, vacuum-cleaned, best-parlour hell. At the same time most of the poems are difficult. They demand an effort of intelligence, and this is their virtue and salvation. Mr. Graves is a post-war writer and he is wrapped in the damp, trailing afterbirth of symbolism, but he is not smothered by it. He believes in stripping the nectarine to the stone of pure poetry, but he does not break up the stone to the kernel, which would produce a poetry devoid of sense logic, a poetry which could only be accepted by intuition, as one accepts or rejects the word-patterns of Gertrude Stein. His poems, 'Midway,' for instance, or 'Interruption,' both of which ought to be quoted in full, have a content of intellectual inquiry energetically expressed, and it can only go unrecognized by the casual verse-reader spoon-fed on the unsubtle transparencies of Mr. Housman or Mr. De la Mare. The more I have read them, the more I have realized that my first impressions underestimated their worth. They are sober in their innovations of form, but individual and integral in their imagery, their "texture"—to use Mr. Graves's word—and their content. They are the work of a man who is a poet in virtue of himself and not of convention; and on that account they deserve reading.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE PERFECT KNIGHT

Sir Philip Sidney. By Mona Wilson. Duckworth. 21s.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is among those few immortals whose names stand in shining letters in the scroll of fame, and who are universally known and beloved. Bayard is such another and Roland. And yet it is possible that few people know anything of Sir Philip except his famous action of generosity before his death, and that he was a poet of some repute. Miss Wilson's biography shows very clearly the reasons for his obscurity and his fame.

They were both rooted in the same cause. Sidney was a brilliant man, well-born and well-connected in an age when such things counted supremely. His statesmanship was equal to the exigent standard of the time. He was an able lieutenant to his father in Ireland and Wales, and to Leicester in the Netherlands, and yet for long periods he was kept in idleness. He was too able, and his integrity was not acceptable. Elizabeth was at once too parsimonious and too frightened to allow his abilities room to flourish and to reward his loyal services. The false economy with which she nearly ruined the father cramped the son also. "It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes speculated how long the loyalty of the Sidneys would stand the strain." It is greatly to Sir Philip's credit that he let it be known that he hoped the Queen's vague promise that she might

spare him something from the recusant forfeitures would come to nothing. "Truly I like not their persons and much worse their religions, but I think my fortune very hard that my reward must be built on other men's punishments."

"If the Queen pay not her soldiers," he wrote later from the Netherlands, "she must lose her garrisons; there is no doubt thereof." At no time did Elizabeth like such plain speaking.

Until he was sent to the Netherlands, Sir Philip was left to kick his heels, for the most part, in uncongenial idleness and to dream dreams of the New World. But Elizabeth and Drake between them refused him this outlet also for his energies. He could not, or would not, play Elizabeth's game, and consequently Miss Wilson (contrary to the general impression left by historians), and I think reasonably, proves a secret antagonism between the two. "She could not dazzle him" and consequently his own "sparks of extraordinary greatness . . . for want of a clear vent lay concealed, and in a manner smothered up."

There was one direction, however, in which Sidney's greatness could not be "smothered up," and that was in the field of literature. His very acute mind did not confine itself to the intricacies of statesmanship or of deputizing for his father. Miss Wilson makes his position among the first and greatest of the Elizabethan poets abundantly clear. She considers him as John the Baptist to Shakespeare's Messiah. It is, of course, a matter of opinion.

His temperament was well suited to the part. His gravity, which gave his father and his friends some cause for anxiety and "possibly some pride to himself," was balanced by impetuosity and enthusiasm and a more than ordinary measure of charm. It is significant that even the Spider of the Escorial expressed sorrow at his death.

It was Sidney who grafted "Renaissance culture on to an English stock, Castiglione's Courtier adjusted to a world at once more medieval and more modern than Italy." He "abridges the interim between Chaucer and Marlowe," and makes poetry a vitally English thing, speaking the true English language in forms more subtle and more delicate than had ever yet been achieved. His chief works, 'Arcadia,' 'Defence of Poesie,' and 'Astrophel and Stella,' are gone into in some detail, and the criticism is intelligent and well thought out. Reproductions are given of panels in the cube room at Wilton, illustrating the 'Arcadia.' They are by Immanuel de Coritz, but, as far as it is possible to judge without knowing the originals, they appear to be of greater historical than artistic value.

Sidney died of his wounds received at Zutphen, when he was only thirty-two, and left behind him, in spite of his frustrated greatness, a reputation that very few have won in twice as many years. "Il savoit gagner les cœurs et se faire croire et respecter par eux."

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN HOMER

Schliemann of Troy: The Story of a Goldseeker.

By Emil Ludwvig. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Evans. Putnam's. 21s.

NEARLY a hundred years ago a grocer's boy of fourteen was serving his apprenticeship in an obscure country town in Mecklenburg. He served out pennyworths of the things grocers sell the world over. Sometimes he ran errands; sometimes he swept out the shop. When he had time to sit down it was on a case of herrings. And on his case of herrings ambitions came to him.

Like other boys of his age he lived in an imaginary world. His life would not always be limited to cutting up butter and serving Schnapps. What was singular in this boy was that his dreams led him into the fairyland of antiquity. He gave a drunken scholar all his

spare coppers to declaim Homer in the original—though he could not understand a word of it.

Nearly forty years later this grocer's boy was the lion of a London season. More travelled than Odysseus, writing familiarly in the tongue of Homer, and speaking nearly a score of others, he had done for the site of Troy and Mycenæ—something comparable, from the point of view both of newspaper "sensation" and antiquarian discovery with what Lord Carnarvon did in our own time for the tomb of Tutankh-Amen. But in the years between he had been shipwrecked, become a merchant, banker and financier, taken part in the Californian gold rush, cornered indigo and made an immense fortune.

This man was Heinrich Schliemann. It is a career which would appeal to most biographers. Its attraction for Dr. Ludwvig, and its interest for us, goes greatly beyond that of the bare outline we have given; he is not the only grocer's boy who has found fame beyond the shop.

There is a simplicity running through his character which gives some excuse for the orthodox archaeologists of his day in regarding him as a figure of fun. It was easy to make sport of the retired indigo merchant turned antiquarian. Schliemann's naïveté went almost all lengths. He brought to the study of classical antiquity a faith in the literal truth of the Homeric writings which Sir Arthur Evans happily compares with that of a "Bible Christian." He wrote of his discoveries for newspapers in the language of newspaper sensationalism. Although he had taught himself so many languages he never learned to express himself with verbal sobriety in one. He "translated his existence into hexameters."

Again, Schliemann went to Greece, a middle-aged man, believing in the simplicity of his heart that he would find the manners of Arcadia. He was to begin married life over again after an unfortunate experience in Russia. What more fitting than a Greek wife? It is hardly credible, but he asked his old Greek tutor, now archbishop, to find him one. It is not incredible that the archbishop found one for the wealthy foreigner among his own relations! Before they were betrothed he gave her a viva-voce examination, including the reciting of passages from Homer by heart. She passed! The marriage was nearly broken off when the millionaire asked her why she was ready to be his wife. She replied: "Because my relations have told me that you are a rich man." And he had come to Greece sure of finding simplicity of heart. Yet the marriage took place: and it succeeded. Madame Schliemann has survived to see her husband's reputation established beyond the reach of ridicule. She made a perfect helpmeet to the grown-up boy. His instinct had been right in matrimony against all the probabilities, as it was in archaeology against all the antiquarians.

Dr. Ludwvig's biographical genius expands among such rich and varied human material. Beyond question Schliemann was again and again ridiculous. His passion for antiquities was half in slavery to his habit of making money. He went to the Troad first to dig for "treasure" rather than for buried stones. He was half minded to keep the treasure for himself—and did for seven years, rich as he was. Yet Dr. Ludwvig keeps our sympathies with Schliemann easily. The hero is never too absurd to be lovable.

Some of the biographer's generalizations do not satisfy us so much. Thus: "The enlightened amateur beats the painstaking expert every time." Sir Arthur Evans remarks dryly that he is glad on the whole that Schliemann did not achieve his ambition of excavating in Crete. How much British prehistory has been obscured, even in our own day, by enthusiastic ill-directed and ill-recorded excavation. The amateur may think he can dispense with the "technique" of digging. When the relics found have been dispersed, some lost, others inadequately or inaccurately described, the site tampered with, the final disservice done

to archæology may be greater than that of some nineteenth-century farmer ploughing into an intrenchment.

From such calamities Schliemann was preserved, partly by sheer good luck, partly (at Mycenæ) by the obstruction of the Greek Government, partly by the fact that his own fanaticism was tempered by a willingness to learn and by the ultimate collaboration of such men as Dörpfeld and Virchow, who had nothing of his journalistic temperament.

Schliemann did not discover Priam's Troy. He narrowly avoided destroying it. But he found the key to it; and when his successor, Dörpfeld, completed the excavations and found the Homeric Ilium in a different stratum, the ultimate credit may fairly be claimed as his. Dr. Ludwig has written an absorbing book, with an interest in quite outside questions of archæology. For this was a dynamic man, driven to accomplish the incredible by a temperament which included the ludicrous—and very human—aspect of genius.

W. THOMSON HILL

SEEING THE WORLD

Captain Basil Hall: Travels in India and Ceylon.

Edited with an Introduction by Professor H. G. Rawlinson. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Dress, Drinks and Drums: Further Studies of Savages and Sex. By Ernest Crawley. Edited by Theodore Besterman. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Lagooned in the Virgin Islands. By Hazel Eadie. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Hidden Wealth and Hiding People. By Michael Terry. Putnam's. 15s.

PERHAPS no form of human activity is inspired by a more varied set of motives than those which drive a man to travel. The desire to see the world may be born of a thirst for gold, an interest in anthropology or geography, or mere curiosity and love of adventure—or a combination of several of these. The one thing constant is curiosity.

Modern travellers have generally preferred to set up some more complicated motive; but for Captain Basil Hall, of the Royal Navy, and an indefatigable traveller in India and Borneo in the early years of the nineteenth century it seemed quite enough to say that he had always wanted to visit the East, that the very name of India inspired him with "feelings of curiosity more than commonly excited," and that when he got there at last he was "thrown into a high fever of wonder and enjoyment." These rather stilted expressions hardly do justice to his style, which is extraordinarily vivid and sympathetic. He has the boyish charm of the best type of naval officer. When, against his better judgment, he is persuaded to take a stiff peg of brandy one morning, while crossing southern India in a palanquin, he describes the disastrous results with such naïveté and such willingness to laugh at himself that we think none the worse of him—rather the better. He visits rajahs' courts, witnesses the combats of wild beasts, is nearly drowned in the surf at Madras, and incidentally gives us a most entertaining pen portrait of his commanding officer, Captain Samuel Hood, who had been with Nelson at the Nile. Hood was a great character—hot-headed, impetuous, but very lovable. They were a great company on board the *Volage* frigate, and H.M.S. *Illustrious*, the flagship, and as we close this attractive and historically valuable book we feel glad to have had the privilege of knowing them for a brief space.

The late Mr. Ernest Crawley was an enthusiastic anthropologist and looked at the world exclusively from the anthropologist's point of view. The results of his labours seem to be better appreciated now than they were in his lifetime. Three of his unpublished studies are here collected under the rather awkward title of 'Dress, Drinks and Drums.' Incomparably

the most important of the three is the article on dress. The modern man, reared among the sombre traditions of Victorian broadcloth, may be satisfied with the answer to the old riddle which says that a miller wears a white hat in order to keep his head warm. In fact he wears it from a variety of motives, not the least important of which is to attract Mrs. Miller. No one who has seen a savage with a row of beads, or has observed what a monkey will do with a piece of coloured frippery, can subscribe for a moment to the purely utilitarian view of dress. Only the unique ugliness of modern clothing could have inspired so flimsy a theory. Mr. Crawley goes into the matter conscientiously, and finds in it a little religion, a great deal of sex, and nothing at all about keeping the head warm. But his subject is one of general interest, and his work will certainly be read by others besides anthropologists.

Mr. Michael Terry has already published two successful books describing journeys across the almost unknown central parts of Australia. In this present narrative he takes us on a motor trip in search of new gold-mines—or rather, of practicable gold-mines, for mines not worth the trouble of working abound. He has a brisk, businesslike manner, and always succeeds in interesting us in his adventures. Whether his gold discovery will lead to any important financial results is a matter for experts to decide; but he collected a great mass of information about the districts he passed through; and it is pleasant to be able to add that he used British trucks all the way.

Before Miss Eadie went to the Virgin Islands she read the subject up very carefully, and it is not unfair to say that her quotations are more effective than her own descriptive writing. The creation of "atmosphere" is not her strong point; her style is too studied. At the same time she has given us the record of an exceptionally interesting and unusual journey.

LIFE of a SEAMAN

Thomas Cochrane, 10th
Earl of Dundonald

by

E. G. TWITCHETT

12s. 6d. net. Illustrated.

In this book the thrilling career of Admiral Lord Cochrane is related for the first time authoritatively and in full.

Ready
July
2nd.

Ready
2nd
July.
7s. 6d. net.

A story of events as they are observed by a young journalist reporting police court proceedings. A seemingly trivial case of street betting proves to have far-reaching effects in a large provincial city.

by

MONTAGU SLATER

THE SECOND CITY

WISHART & CO., 19 Buckingham St., W.C.2

SHORTER NOTICES

People and Things. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 5s.

MR. NICOLSON'S book consists of a series of extracts from his wireless talks. So far so good. The subject matter is necessarily ephemeral, and although we admit that some journalistic and semi-journalistic work is worth reprinting, yet in this particular instance we are left wondering why this particular piece of journalism has been reprinted. Not so good. Mr. Nicolson informs his readers that two considerations decided him to reprint his "much liked" series. The first was a fan mail, and on this point we must believe him and rejoice with him that he has a fan mail; the second was money, and again we congratulate Mr. Nicolson and again agree with him that this is another good reason; at any rate, we cannot think of a better one for giving us 'People and Things.' As a matter of fact, it is quite an entertaining little book—if you happen to be interested in what Mr. Nicolson thinks of people and things.

Radio Writing. By Peter Dixon. Appleton. 8s. 6d.

BROADCASTING has made remarkable progress in technical efficiency since it emerged from the laboratory some ten years ago; but the characteristic development of programme material is a much younger growth, and one which is still in the stage of experiment. Hence this pioneer book on the technique of writing for the wireless, by an active practitioner, does well to eschew dogmatism in favour of description. The book deals with broadcasting in the United States, the methods of which differ from those which obtain in this country; most notably in regard to the "sponsored" programmes, which are maintained by commercial firms for advertising purposes. But broadcast matter is substantially as independent of national frontiers as the literature of the printed book, the play or the film; and the English student of the new medium (a healthy infant, but doomed to be strangled in its cot by television) will find much helpful guidance in these pages. An excellent account is given of the elements of wireless play production, and the varied components which make up wireless programmes are comprehensively surveyed. Especially interesting and instructive are the six specimen scripts of broadcast plays which have proved popular in America.

To Circumjack Cencrastus. By Hugh M'Diarmid. Blackwood. 8s. 6d.

MR. C. M. GRIEVE (Hugh M'Diarmid) has written prose and verse less widely known than it deserves to be, but as an introduction to them this long poem will best be avoided. It is a midwife's deliverance, apparently, of Cencrastus, the early snake of critical venom and philosophic thought that was coiled up, furlong by furlong, within Mr. Grieve; and seeing how swollen and heavy with ill-digested learning Cencrastus must have been, the labour was no doubt long, feverous and painful. After all the pangs, what was born? Cencrastus turns out to be no snake, no lithe rattlesnake, no slow-worm even, but the proverbial mouse. Modern philosophy or the symbols of the learning of a modern mind (Mr. Grieve has one decidedly) go ill into Scots dialect, and in using it Mr. M'Diarmid has made a big mistake. When he drops back into English, Mr. Grieve, unfortunately, shows himself to be a lame poet. Cencrastus, mouse or snake, is a bore; and to be boring is poetry's cardinal sin. To deliver his profundities with success, a poet must see to it that he gives constant pleasure.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS
NEW SERIES—XXXIX

Lilian's fiancé, who is in the R.A.F., has requested her to fly with him to Paris. Lilian, having a horror of aeroplanes, at first refuses, but is finally persuaded to agree, though reluctantly. Her gloomy forebodings inspire her to write the first line of a Sonnet, in the style of Rupert Brooke's 'Soldier,' but her music deserts her after the first line, which runs:

If I should fly, think only this of me

The SATURDAY REVIEW, moved to sympathy, offers a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea to the competitors who complete the Sonnet in the most satisfactory way.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym and to enclose their names and addresses in a sealed envelope; all entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

This competition closes on Monday, July 20, and the result will be announced in August.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXVA
JUDGE'S REPORT

Of competitors who agreed with us that some revision of 'Othello' is needed for the times in which we live, Lamsilon and Noel Archer were most skilful. The former, getting well into his stride at Emilia's third speech, gave us a capital burlesque in blank verse of the accusation scene, concluding with one of those rhymed couplets which are expected by Shakespearean scholars. There is a delightfully sub-acid flavour in many of his lines, and Desdemona's feminist heroics are particularly intriguing because their dishonesty is masked almost to the end. The references to filial "disobedience" and to the "girl of humble birth" are out of place in the mouth of a modern young woman, but Lamsilon has made no other slips, and I must recommend him for first prize. Noel Archer is entirely matter-of-fact in the style of contemporary comedy. The coolness of her heroine under rapid fire would be remarkably effective on the stage. Whether the woman has, or has not, misbehaved is left in doubt, but, excepting an absurd husband, who cares? Second prize for Noel Archer, please.

Matador, scornful of our rules, started his excerpt at the very point where he was asked to close it. Old Trident, though requested to place the married couple "in the London of 1931," preferred to take 2031, or thereabouts, for date. Bluebird brought her characters from the Elizabethan age only to leave them somewhere in the Victorian era. Bydand, Barney and Duff-Dork were all on the right track, but did not pursue it with the liveliness of conviction.

FIRST PRIZE

SCENE.—A Kensington Drawing-room
Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Oth. A word with you, my girl! I have unearthed
A scandal: rumour's busy with the name
Of that—in short, your mistress and my wife.
What do you know about it?

Emil. Nothing, sir.
I think you've probably been misinformed.

Oth. Haven't you seen her with this Cassio?

Emil. Yes, very many times; but what of that?
It's quite a harmless friendship, I am sure.

Oth. Haven't they kissed and held each other's
hands?

Emil. (laughs). Good gracious, no! There is no
sex appeal

In Mr. Cassio! Whatever next!

Oth. Well, send my wife to me if she's at home!
This matter must be settled once for all!

[Exit EMILIA]

A Holiday Reminder : THE APPEAL OF CHARITY

Does not this Appeal of the Children Touch Your Heart?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1845)

2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute.

27 10s. 0d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour.

Please send a gift to help the Society in this great work of caring for, and providing for, these young ones.

President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

CHAIRMAN AND TREASURER: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, ESQ.

All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, F. Brian Pelly, A.F.C., at the Society's Headquarters,

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2



BUILDING CASTLES IN THE FRESH AIR

EVERY poor slum child dreams of the sea, and pictures himself playing on the sands and splashing to his heart's content.

But dreams will not tan his pale cheeks or strengthen his frail body.

The Church Army is endeavouring to give him a REAL holiday.

Will you help?

£5

will give three children and their jaded mother a fortnight's holiday

£1 - 1s.

will give a poor tired mother and baby one week's holiday.

Cheques crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

WILL YOU LEND US A HAND?

MISS WESTON'S

Royal Sailors' Rests

PORTSMOUTH and DEVONPORT

Co-Founders :

The late Dame Agnes E. Weston, G.B.E., LL.D.

The late Dame Sophia G. Wintz, D.B.E.

THE Trustees confidently appeal to all lovers of the Sea and Ships to assist them in carrying on the Spiritual and Temperance Work for the welfare and well-being of our Sailors all over the World.

Contributions, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.

Cheques, etc., should be crossed National Provincial Bank Ltd., Portsmouth.

Royal Naval Needlework Guild parcels to the Lady Superintendent.

35,000 Little Children

1	mothered and trained	1
8	in the past fifty years	9
8	is the record of	3
1		1

THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY.

Will you help this work to go on by sending a gift to
 Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D.,
 Secretary, Old Town Hall,
 Kennington, London, S.E.11
 (Bankers: Barclays, Ltd.), to

MARK ITS JUBILEE ?

If there's a word of truth in what I've heard,
I'll break the scoundrel's neck!

Enter DESDEMONA

Oh, there you are!

Des. Yes, here I am, old thing. What do you want?

Oth. I'm told—don't ask who my informant is—
That Cassio, that dirty Dago Count,
Comes here to see you almost every day
And stays for hours. I strongly deprecate. . . .

Des. Steady the Buffs! Don't say too much, old man!

Oth. I will not have that filthy little cad
Tainting the atmosphere of my own house!

Des. Cassio's neither cad nor count. I find
That he can be a most amusing card,
And if I wish to have him here, I shall.
Moreover, I will thank you not to throw
Such vile, disgusting epithets at one
Whom I call friend.

Oth. Indeed! You call him friend?
I cannot say that I admire your taste.
But are you sure that friend is the right word?

Des. What are you hinting at?

Oth. I think you know!

Des. I fear I do; and let me tell you this:
Since you see fit to harbour loathsome thoughts
In what you call your mind, I'm through with you!

Oth. If you desert me now, I'll think the worst!

Des. Then think it and be damned! You do not want

To hear the truth, or I might wait a bit,
And prove to you how baseless and absurd
Are your suspicions.

Oth. Could you do so?

Des. Yes,

I could; but now I won't. I'm off to test
My poor old father's generosity.
He would have stopped our marriage if he could;
He told me that he never would consent
To have me back when I grew tired of you.
But if I tell him how you spoke to me,
Perhaps his sympathy will overcome
His anger at my disobedience.
Good-bye.

Oth. One moment! Maybe I have been
A thought too hasty. But you must admit
That when a man is told that his own wife
And a low, unwashed Dago have been seen
To play at tangle-foot in restaurants,
And that this self-same Dago comes to call,
Just when he knows the man is not at home,
Not once, but six or seven times a week,
It looks suspicious.

Des. Not to cleanly minds.
Good heavens! You don't seem to realize
It is the twentieth century's third decade
In which we live. The prehistoric age
Is over; cave man stuff is out of date.
Women are free and not the least bit prone
To abuse their freedom, but to make the most
Of it in every lawful, harmless way.
We are more healthy than we used to be
In mind and body, and if we see fit
To entertain a boy friend now and then,
There's no harm done.

Oth. Perhaps. But Freud and Jung
Teach us that sex is still a potent force.

Des. Psycho-analysis is dead and gone;
Or if it isn't, then it ought to be.
Save for the war, it never would have made
As much ground as it did, but would have been
Laughed out of court within a dozen weeks
Of its appearance. Only men half-dazed,
Still shrinking from the dread remembrance
Of trench and shell-hole, could have found relief
In such unmitigated balderdash.

Oth. Keep to the point!

Des. You were the first to stray.

Oth. What if I was? Two wrongs don't make a right.

Des. Don't be sententious, man, for goodness' sake!

Oth. Your tongue is ready; put it to good use,
And tell me, if you can, what are these proofs
Of which you spoke.

Des. Oh, well, perhaps I will,
Since you have got your temper back again.

Cassio loves a girl of humble birth,
Whom he has quartered in a four-roomed flat
Not far from here, and since his interests
Demand that this should not be talked about,
He pays his visits secretly each day,
Using the back door of this house to reach,
Unseen, the entrance to this girl's abode.
If you won't take my word, just pay a call
At No. 15A Glengordon Square.

Oth. I shall do no such thing. I'll take your word.

But let me tell you, I don't care about
This Cassio and all his shifty tricks.

The sooner he goes back to Italy,
The better I'll be pleased.

Des. Well, what a fuss [Exit]
About a trifle!

Re-enter EMILIA

Yes, Emilia?

Emil. I fancied, madam, that I heard you call.

Des. Don't lie, my girl! You listened at the door,
And wish to know the upshot of this row.
Well, I will tell you: Mr. Cassio
Must be denied admittance, should he come
During the next few days, for safety's sake,
Although my tale went tolerably well.

Emil. I'll see to it; and, madam, let me say
That I must leave you one month from to-day.

LAMSLON

THIS WEEK

Cardinal Bourne and The Church of England

By DEAN INGE

"Thou Art Peter"

By the Rev. H. W. BURTON

Lord Halifax and Reunion

Anglo-Catholics at the Albert Hall

Spiritual Vision

By Chancellor R. J. CAMPBELL

Dr. Barnes and the Thirty-Nine Articles

EVERY WEEK

Theological, Literary and general articles by the
most eminent writers of ALL SCHOOLS
OF THOUGHT

First-Class Sermons by leading preachers

Signed Reviews of all the latest books by distinguished reviewers

Live Church Movements at home and overseas
dealt with by authoritative writers

Serial Story by eminent author

Family Columns

Children's Columns

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NEWSPAPER

Every Friday — All Newsagents — Price 2d.

A specimen copy of the current issue gladly sent free on
application to the Publisher, The C.E.N., 21 Tavistock
Street, London, W.C.2

4 July 1931

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 483

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 9)

SERVE TO EXCLUDE THE SUN AND BAFFLE CURIOUS EYES,
SUCH AS WERE PEEPING TOM'S, DAME BLUEBEARD'S AND PAUL
PRY'S.

1. May end when men from multiplying cease.
2. Fatal to health and to domestic peace.
3. From ocean's ruler take away the air;
4. This, with an article, remains his care.
5. Core of a smoky light of other days.
6. Rococo artist Frenchmen freely praise.
7. The trusty leader of a fleecy flock.
8. Let it be good, mate, lest we strike a rock!
9. Lord of the rain-clouds and the storm-swept sky.
10. Halve me: I'm near, contiguous, close by.
11. 'Twixt dusk and this the owl emits her hoots.
12. I guess you'll find them, sir, inside your boots.

Solution of Acrostic No. 481

L	anguedo	C ¹
rad	s	H
T	hale	R ²
T	o	Il
Laughing-jackas	S ³	
E mbezzlemen	T	
H	u	M
IO	r	Ay
ER	asmu	S ⁴
N	e	Phew
vE		Il
R	efere	E

- 1 (Langue d'oc) A province of France in which oc was used for "yes" instead of oui.
- 2 Transposed = Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend, whose brewery in Southwark was acquired by Barclay and Perkins.
- 3 The great Australian kingfisher. "This creature may be a piece of metamorphosed humanity, so subtle is his humour, so like a spoilt child he is in many of his ways. . . . In the woods his chief amusement is to seize hold of snakes and bite their heads off. This is a human trait in him, as if he knew something about our first mother's misfortune."
- 4 Froude's 'Oceana,' chap. VI. The monks were accustomed to say that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched.

ACROSTIC No. 481.—The winner is "D. L.," Mrs. Dansey, The Weir, nr. Ludlow, who has selected as her prize 'Mirror for Toby,' by Cecily Hallack, published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne and reviewed in our columns by H. C. Harwood on June 20. One other competitor named this book, twenty-four chose 'The Dreyfus Affair,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Boskerris, Carlton, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, Clam, Farndon, J. Fincham, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Gay, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Lilian, Madge, Met, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Rho Kappa, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Tyro, Trinculo, H. M. Vaughan.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Bimbo, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Falcon, Ganes, Glamis, Peter, Shorwell, Shrub, Stucco, Mrs. Mouldsdales Williams.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. Chambers, Martha, Lady Mottram, Rabbits, Rand, Miss K. Snelus, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 16 solvers; Light 5, 10; Lights 2 and 4, 2; Lights 8, 9, and 11, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 480.—Two Lights wrong: Maud Crowther, Boote.

MET.—Enquiries shall be made at once.

T. HAWTLAND.—Reluctantly I allowed *Manzanilla*, finding it in Chambers's Dictionary; *Mantilla* I could not find anywhere. Both I consider greatly inferior to *Malaga*, which is as familiar to everyone as *Tokay* and has long since passed into literature. "Drink not the *Malaga* of praise." (Emerson).

HUTTERWORTH

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

I. B. O'MALLEY

REBECCA WEST, *Daily Telegraph*

"The book of the week."

HAROLD NICOLSON, *Evening Standard*

"Of absorbing interest."

ROGER PIPPETT, *Daily Herald*

"As exciting as a score of novels."

Illustrated London News

"Worthy of its subject. There can be no higher praise."

New Statesman and Nation

"Admirable life."

Colour frontispiece, sixteen Photogravure plates and numerous text illustrations.

416 pages

21s. net

THE CRUSADES

THE FLAME OF ISLAM

HAROLD LAMB

"A magnificent work . . . will rank with the work of Gibbon . . . amazing in its size, the boldness of its conception, and the completeness of its achievement."

—*The Manchester Evening News.*

416 pages

Illustrated

16s. net

ALBERT EINSTEIN
ANTON REISER

With a Foreword by EINSTEIN

Portrait

8s. 6d. net

25 BEDFORD ST.



LONDON W.C.2

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

DESPITE the fact that the volume of business transacted on the London Stock Exchange has not shown that expansion which the improvement in prices appears to indicate, a far more optimistic tone has been in evidence than has been the case for many a weary month. To a certain extent this is justified. As was pointed out in these notes last week, a financial crisis of unprecedented dimensions was narrowly averted, and the London Stock Exchange, Wall Street and Continental Bourses reflected their relief by marking up quotations in a particularly generous manner. Being accustomed to stock markets going to extremes, either of pessimism or optimism, one is not surprised at recent happenings. At the same time it would appear that the gravity of the position has been rather overlooked. If the financial position in Germany was as serious as one is asked to believe, and the opinion is expressed that it was extremely serious, then no permanent remedy can be found in the temporary palliatives which have been employed. Admittedly, the position has been alleviated, but it would seem that the financial position of Germany will have to be carefully watched for many a month until one can be really satisfied that the repercussions of the recent crisis will not again assert themselves in a detrimental manner on Continental Bourses. As regards Austria, the problem appears even more difficult. Financial assistance from this country, necessary and praiseworthy as it was, cannot solve the difficulty of making Austria into an economic unit, which, in the future, can be administered on a sound financial basis. One is forced to face the question as to whether, as far as Austria is concerned, this can ever be achieved. The problems it has to solve are certainly more than temporary ones and, without wishing to be too pessimistic, it would appear that both investors and speculators would be ill-advised not to appreciate that the finances of Central Europe will present a problem for the rest of the world for some considerable period. As far as we are concerned in this country, our difficulties still remain. During the last fortnight our Socialist Government have granted an extra £25,000,000 towards the dole, have relieved our colonies of war debts to the extent of £11,000,000, and have guaranteed the credit of India, which step entails a liability that quite possibly may run into many millions of pounds. Certainly a very lavish fortnight's work, even for our Socialists. One is forced to consider what the result of this may be on our own national finances, and the answer to this question is not conducive to that blatant optimism which appears to have displaced pessimism in the City, at all events for the time being. The lot of a financial writer these days is indeed difficult. Fitting appreciation must be shown to the fact that recent happenings have undoubtedly improved sentiment and possibly may have engendered the germ of fresh confidence. At the same time it would be folly to pander to the views which are being expressed in certain sections of the Press, which indicate that all our financial troubles are over. Investors have every reason to be pleased with the improvement in quotations which has been so general of late. They are justified in their hope that the low levels of a few weeks back reflected an unprecedented position and will not recur. Maybe there is some justification in the belief that, as we have seen the worst, prices may quietly continue to go ahead. At the same time, one would be failing in an obvious duty not to point out that anything in the nature of very substantial and sustained rises in the majority of share values is not justified at the present juncture.

INTERNATIONAL TEA STORES

Shareholders in the International Tea Company's Stores have every reason to be satisfied with the report and balance sheet that the company has issued for the

year ended May 2 last. The trading profit for the year amounts to £820,163, which compares with £755,359 for the previous year. £50,000 is placed to reserve, which compares with £150,000 last year, but on the present occasion £100,000 is allocated to reserve for the equalization of dividends. A final dividend of 18 per cent. has been declared, making 30 per cent. for the year, which is the same rate as last year, but is payable on a capital materially increased. The balance sheet indicates a sound position. The company's goodwill has already been written down to nil, which compares with an original figure of £1,207,316, while the company's investments in British Government securities and holdings of cash amount to £785,068. The capital of this company includes 7 per cent. Cumulative "A" Preference shares and 5s. Ordinary shares. In their respective classes both appear suitable for investment purposes.

SANGERS

Another satisfactory industrial report recently issued was that of Sangers Limited, wholesale druggists and sundriesmen, the trading profit for the year ended March 31 last amounting to £74,874, which is within £1,500 of last year's figure, an encouraging result in view of general conditions. A final dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary shares, making, with the interim dividend, 17½ per cent. for the year, which is the same rate as for the previous year.

COURTAULDS

More attention has been paid of late to Courtaulds shares. After being neglected for a very considerable period, the potentialities of this great company are again being appreciated. Admittedly, Courtaulds have passed through a very difficult period. At the same time, it is believed that those who purchase these shares and lock them away at the present level should, in due course, find that they have made a satisfactory bargain. It must be remembered, however, that Courtaulds are a popular counter, and are largely influenced by general conditions, so price fluctuations must be anticipated.

QUALCAST

There are certain small companies, the shares of which are not well known to the general body of investors, but which appear to constitute sound media for investment purposes. Among these I would include the shares of Qualcast Limited. This company, which specializes in the manufacture of lawn mowers and precision iron castings, has a capital of £125,000. For the year ended June 30 last a net profit of £23,076 was shown, shareholders receiving dividends amounting to 12½ per cent., which compared with earnings of 21 per cent. The company's financial year ended last Tuesday, and when the report and balance sheet is issued, it is anticipated that it will show that profits have materially increased. It is suggested that the figure may exceed £30,000. While a conservative dividend policy will probably be pursued, and a final dividend of 7½ per cent. be paid, which will be at the same rate as last year, it would seem that these shares, in their class, should be well worth locking away at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 7s. 3d. The company enjoys sound management, its directorate including those who have a personal knowledge of the business which they are administering—a very helpful factor.

AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN INVESTMENT CO.

The African and European Investment Company recently issued £850,000 6½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures. The prospectus showed that these debentures were well secured on tangible assets, while the earnings of the company amply covered their annual service. For mixing purposes they appear worthy of attention for those who favour this class of holding.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

ANGLO-ORIENTAL MINING CORPORATION

THE INTERNATIONAL QUOTA AGREEMENT

EFFECT OF STATUTORY RATIONALIZATION

The third ordinary general meeting of Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, Limited, was held on June 30 at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate, London, E.C.

Mr. John Howeson (the chairman) who presided, said it had been a year of unrelieved misfortune for the producers of nearly all basic commodities arising in the main from causes altogether beyond their control. In non technical terms the kernel of the issue, as he saw it, was the sterilization of more than 60 per cent. of the existing supplies of gold by the United States and France, with a resultant unexampled commodity slump and forced sellers of practically everything but gold. The tin industry, in particular, had been unduly handicapped at the beginning of the *débâcle* by the excessive weight of stocks accumulated during two successive years of over-production. Nevertheless, tin had led the way with concerted measures to meet, by voluntary curtailment of output, conditions which were constantly deteriorating. Those determined efforts on the part of the industry had made possible the statutory rationalization which happily was now an accomplished fact. That four separate Governments, representing the producers of 86 per cent. of the world's normal output of tin, should have come to complete agreement was sufficiently momentous, but it should be noted that, unlike voluntary agreements, there could be no defaulting and no backing out in this case, and unsaleable tin could be prevented from coming on the market. That there should have been a certain amount of organized opposition to Government intervention was not in the least surprising, but it was exceedingly unfortunate that it should have been the means of delaying the starting of the quota scheme, a delay which had proved very costly to producers.

PRODUCTION IN MALAYA

In considering the working up to date of the international regulation of the production and export of tin, it had to be understood that individual mining enterprises in Malaya had not been restricted as to the amount they produced in the first controlled quarter to the end of May, because the individual quotas had not been issued within that period. But they were definitely prohibited from producing and exporting more than their quotas during the first six months. It must also be borne in mind that the unrestricted output of Malaya, Bolivia, the Netherlands, East Indies, and Nigeria was approximately 162,000 tons of metal in 1929, and the output of those countries had now been reduced to a yearly rate of 106,000 tons, so that the signatories as a whole would cut their 1929 output by 56,000 tons a year, and there would be that much less metallic tin coming on the market.

They must not depend solely on the natural growth of industry for their markets; they must try to foster old and create new uses for their product; the one aspect of the tin situation on which all the leaders of the industry were agreed was the necessity of research for the preservation of existing and the discovery of new markets.

THE NET REVENUE

As to their accounts, the net revenue of £48,399 represented less than half the earnings of the preceding year, due entirely to the very heavy falling off in the dividends received during the period. It was with reluctance that the directors recommended the shareholders to deny themselves any immediate return, but they were not yet out of the trough of an unexampled depression. They were, however, hoping that conditions might before very long improve, and the carry-forward of £84,859 was sufficient to meet that liability as well as practically the whole of the dividends payable in respect to the Preference shares up to the end of the current financial year.

As to the prospects of an improvement, President Hoover's dramatic gesture had already inspired throughout the world a change of sentiment which had given fresh hope to the most hardened pessimist; in the case of their own particular industry, it should accelerate the effects of the quota agreement by encouraging consumers to restock and even to buy well ahead of their more immediate requirements.

The chairman moved: That the report and audited accounts for the year to February 28, 1931, now submitted be received, approved and adopted.

The Hon. Lionel Holland seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors, Mr. Oliver Hoare and Sir William D. Henry, Kt., C.I.E., were re-elected, and the auditors, Messrs. Fitzpatrick Graham and Co., were reappointed.

At separate meetings of the Preference and Ordinary shareholders and at an extra-ordinary general meeting of the company, resolutions were passed cancelling 200,000 Preference shares and creating 800,000 new Ordinary shares.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors and staff concluded the meeting.

TRAVEL

Sea, Air or Land
FREE ADVICE

THE Travel Bureau of the SATURDAY REVIEW is at your Service. Free advice will willingly be given to those desiring information on any subject covering Sea, Air or Land Travel. You can write with every confidence, and without being placed under any obligation to accept any suggestions offered.

Communications to:

THE TRAVEL MANAGER,
THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

Books

BOOKS.—100,000 in Stock on all subjects. Please state wants and ask for Catalogue. Below are a few very special bargains new as published and post free for cash.

Hannen Swaffer's *Who's Who*, with a foreword by Edgar Wallace. 15s. for 9s.

Harper's *Mansions of Old Romance*. 10s. 6d. for 6s.

Harper's *Abbeys of Old Romance*. 15s. for 6s.

Deep-Sea Bubbles, or the Cruise of the Anna Lombard, by Henry H. Bootes. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d.

Buccaneers of the Pacific by George Wycherley. 21s. for 10s.

From Hobo to Cannibal King by C. J. Thornhill. 18s. for 8s. 6d.

Famous Curses by Elliott. 18s. for 9s. 6d.

Faust, with Coloured Plates, by Willy Pogany. 21s. for 7s. 6d.

Flaubert's Salambo. Illustrated and Decorated by Mahlon Blaine.

Enclosed in a case. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

The Coaching Era by Violet Wilson, with 15 illustrations from Old Pictures and Prints. 12s. 6d. for 7s.

Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music by Jeffrey Pulver. 1927. 25s. for 10s. 6d.

Sir Richard Burton's *Tales from the Gulistan*. 1928. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d. Curious illus.

Amusements. Serious and Comical and other Works by Tom Brown. Illus. with reproductions of 16 contemporary engravings. 1927. 25s. for 12s.

A Dickens Dictionary by A. J. Philip and W. Laurence Gadd. 1928. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

D. H. Lawrence. *Mornings in Mexico*. 1927. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. *The Boy in the Bush*. 1924. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence. *The Lost Girl*. 1925. 9s. for 4s.

Lenotre. *The Guillotine and its Servants*. 21s. for 8s.

— The September Massacres of 1792. 21s. for 8s.

Lewis Spence. *The Mysteries of Britain*. 10s. 6d. for 8s.

— The History of Atlantis. 10s. 6d. for 6s.

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP (GREVILLE WORTHINGTON)
14 & 16 JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

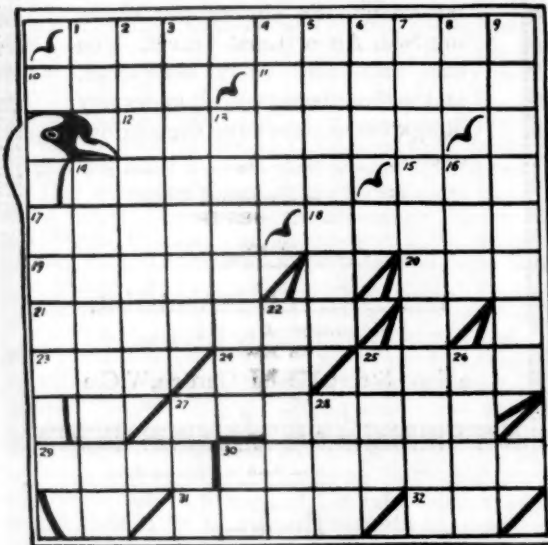
RHYMING CROSS WORD—V

("THE LAKE")

By AFIRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.



Across.

CLUES.

1. Description's this when more than you need swallow.
- 10 rev. *Sol-disant* flea besought him not to follow.
11. Don't say I'm in the pink; that's all my eye!
12. In Northern Carolina raised was I.
14. "For this" on bronze to see with death men dice.
15. Traditionally Clovis: French device.
17. Those highly syncopated strains save me.
18. A private man is all I claim to be.
19. May qualify your staff, your cheek also.
20. Gave rise to feast: a lot, of course, you know.
21. Beheaded traitor heedless of his pay.
23. Squat, swart invader of an earlier day.
- 24-25. Receives the old, the sick; if young the sound.
27. A fibrous organ in the thalli found.
29. The sign is this of heavenly mist or bliss.
30. Un-*this* reversed when unreversed is this.
31. Root: so you'll say if you say *cam'* for *came*.
32. Reversed or not these names remain the same.

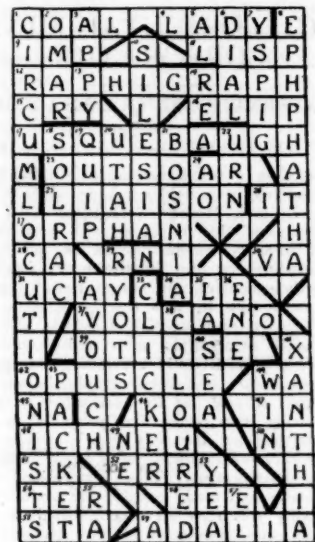
Down.

- 1-30. Reverse of this is tiny, you'll agree.
2. This guardless blade you may in Turkey see.
3. An early book of poetry thus term.
4. A demon at eclipses, some affirm.
5. In flight was famous in an earlier day.
- 6-27. The green-sour ringlet makers own my sway.
7. Reverse of 1 plus 30 (Swift, you'll note).
8. To make me out you'll have to turn your coat.
9. A knave in threefold guise may here be seen.
13. The scurvy part of 9—mangy or mean.
14. Liquid containers use me to describe.
16. An obligation in an Indian tribe.
17. Comparatively food: old lacerate.
22. O waste away! (Suppose, at any rate).
26. Hence, hither, coal is brought (Supplied by Dean).
- 27-25. Mostly vegetable, wholly 13.
28. By rapid motion caused, the cause unseen.

Envoi.

OH MULE, ILL RID:
One-way letters here are hid

"MOUSQUETAIRE" SOLUTION



NOTES.

Across.

1. 1 Sam. xiv. 7.
4. Lady-bird.
9. Two meanings.
15. "Great cry and little wool."
16. (a) of a bridge, etc.; (b) of a carpet; (c) a fortune.
17. "Water of Life."
25. Two meanings.
26. sk-it.
27. (a) In an orphanage; (b) you'll be without parents.
- 28-29-30. *Ca-rni-sa(l)*, originally before Lent.
- 31-34. Tributary of Amazon, so called because women joined with the men against the Spaniards.
37. The crater is the Greek "wine-bowl."
39. By doing 42 ("a little work").
- 45-47. Luke vii. 11-16.
48. *Ichneu-mon*.
56. With E's.
- 58-54. The half-shekel due to the Temple (Matt. xvii. 24-27, R.V.; see also Trench: "Miracles"; Oxford Concise Dictionary).

Down.

3. Welsh.
5. *Al Koran*, the Koran.
6. 'As You Like It,' II, 7.
8. Mark vii. 34.
10. (a) the material; (b) the country.
- 18 rev. Spanish for *Charles*, nephew of Charley's Aunt!
19. "The Quip Modest" ('As You Like It,' V, 4).
20. "Latter-Day Saints."
- 24-35. (*Pao-la*, in Italy and in Kansas.
33. (a) one who cuts out boot-uppers; (b) anything that clicks.
36. (a) once (*obs.*); (b) *ene-my*.
38. (a) "Twopence coloured"; (b) Racial prejudice.
40. Properly, a *basin*, as in 1 Kings vii. 23.
43. Carries *packets* by sea.
49. (a) *ne-ap* tides; (b) *obs.* "never."
53. Matt. v. 37, James v. 12.
- 55-57. *Is-rael*.

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD No. IV

The winner is Miss E. Hearnden, 24, Chalford Road, Sutton, Surrey, who has chosen for her prize 'A Dickens' Dictionary' by A. J. Philip and W. Lawrence Gadd (Baker's Great Bookshop, 9s. 6d.).

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS (COLUMBIA)

- D.B. 535. 'Fiesta' (Samuels and Whitcup). 'When the Guards are on Parade' (Sarony and Nicholls). The Big Four (Vocal Quartette).
- D.B. 527. 'Eileen Alannah' (Thomas). 'A Perfect Day' (Jacobs-Bond). Organ Solo by Terance Casey. Recorded in the Regent Cinema, Brighton.
- D.B. 526. 'O, Mistress Mine' (W. Shakespeare and A. Sullivan). 'Maid of Athen' (Lord Byron and H. R. Allen). Francis Gleeson. Tenor, with Piano.
- D.B. 524. 'The Lincolnshire Poacher' (Traditional). 'Wrap Me up in my Tarpaulin Jacket.' (Traditional). Harold Williams and the B.B.C. Male Chorus, conducted by Stanford Robinson, with Piano.
- D.X. 255. 'That's Us' (Wingrove). 'A Sailor's Philosophy.' (Pitt and Byng). Duet: Harry Dearth and Raymond Newell, with Piano.

Charities

EAST END MISSION (founded 1885). Fortnight's holiday for 600 slum children. Day's outing for 15,000 slum children. Old people and tired mothers not forgotten. Six doctors employed. 2,500 patients weekly. Great Religious, Social and Philanthropic Institution. Full particulars sent. Visitors invited. Rev. F. W. Chudleigh, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, E.1.

Typewriting

LITERARY TYPEWRITING. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words, carefully executed. Testimonials and circulars duplicated. Miss Nancy McFarlane (4), 44 Elderton Road, Westcliff.

Literary

FICTION, Belles-Lettres, Poems, Drama and interesting MSS. of every kind welcomed and promptly considered. Stories, Articles, Serials, etc., constantly required for English and Foreign publication. Payment on acceptance. The Imperial Literary Agency, 60 Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

SONG Poems, Ballads and Dance Music wanted. We invite MSS. of merit for publication. Peter Derek Ltd., Music Publishers, SR/8 Moor Street, London, W.1.

Tours

BADEN-BADEN & THE BLACK FOREST, including many miles of Motoring through regions of enchanting beauty. Private Social Party leaving London July 31. Few vacancies available. Please apply at once (Tour 21), FEANS LTD., 71 High Holborn, W.C.1.

Miscellaneous

J. T. HILL, 39 PEPYS ROAD, WEST WIMBLEDON. Decorations, Alterations and all repairs. Phone 2523 Wimbledon. Manufacturer of "ODO" paint and marble cleaner. Samples free.

GARDEN FURNITURE. Rustic Wicker and Rustic Oak. Shelters, Seats, Chairs, Tables, Stools, etc. Write for free illustrated price lists. Blackwell and Son, Braunton, Devon.

EARN money writing Showcards at home; we instruct you, supply work and pay cash weekly. GRANT & GRAY (W. O.), 2 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

BLATTIS KILLS COCKROACHES. World Wide Scientific Remedy. Extermination Guaranteed. From Sole Makers: HOWARTH'S, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield, or Chemists, Boots' Branches. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., p.f.

For the Table

WELSH Spring Lamb, Hind qrs. abt. 8 lbs., 1s. 9d. lb.; Fore qrs. abt. 7 lbs., 1s. 6d. lb.; post paid Thursdays. Glasfryn Home Farm, Chwillog, Carn.

DEVONSHIRE CIDER (National Mark).—An excellent and inexpensive drink in summer. In cask—2s. 6d. per gallon; pint bottles, 7s. per doz., carr. pd.—From Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

INDIVIDUALIST LUNCHEONS

Concluding Luncheon - - Series 1930/31

SPEAKER:

Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

President Columbia University, New York

Tickets 5/-

HOTEL VICTORIA, W.C.2

Secretary, 53 Victoria Street, S.W.1

12.30 for 1.0 p.m.

Borrow Your Books from

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

Queen's House - Kingsway

AND BRANCHES

Subscriptions from 12/6 per annum

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES
(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from
LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc., MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT,
SUDAN, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS,
CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA,
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., etc., etc.
P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of
P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies

Addresses for all Passenger Business P. & O. House 14 Cockspur
Street, London, S.W.1, or City Office, P. & O. 130 Leadenhall
Street, London, E.C.3; FREIGHT (P. & O. or B.I.) APPLY, 122
LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3; S.I. Agents:
GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street (Opposite Waring's)

SEASON OF UNIQUE FILMS

ALL NEXT WEEK

Alexander Moissi in "THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"
and "WAXWORKS," with Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt
and Werner Krauss

Sat. & Sun., July 4 & 5, "The Passion of Joan of Arc"

QUEEN'S THEATRE

(Ger. 9437)

Evenings 8.15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

by RUDOLF BESIER

LONDON'S LONGEST RUN

1931 Luxury—Economy

AT THE NEW

ECCLESTON HOTEL

VICTORIA, S.W.1

Room with Hot and Cold Water. Phone and Bath from 8/-
Room with Private Bath from 10/6 Beautiful Ballroom available.

Proprietor - - Sir JAMES ERSKINE, J.P.

WHY NOT

live within a 1d. bus fare of Bond Street and Selfridges?
Come to 34 Southwick Street, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde
Park, W.2. Room and breakfast from 1/6 daily. Baths
free. No tips. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms.

Apply MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Tel. No. - - Paddington 2364

LITERARY COMPETITION

COUPON No. 40

VALID FOR ALL COMPETITIONS

TO BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY

'Saturday Review,' July 4th

'Saturday Review' Acrostics : 4.7.1931

Allen & Unwin
Appleton
Arrowsmith
Bale & Danielsson
Blackwell
Benn
Blas
Burns & Oates
Cecil Palmer
Chapman & Hall
Cobden Sanderson
Collins
Crosby, Lockwood
Dent
Duckworth
Elkin Mathews and
Marrot
Faber & Faber

Fisher Unwin
Foulis
Harper
Harrap
Heinemann
Herbert Jenkins
Hodder & Stoughton
Hodge
Hurst & Blackett
Hutchinson
Jarrold
Kegan Paul
Knope
Labour Publishing Co.
Longmans
Melrose
Mills & Boon
Murray

Nash & Grayson
Noel Douglas
Odhams Press
Peter Davies
Putnam's
Richards Press
Routledge
Sampson Low
Scribner's
Selwyn & Blount
Sheed & Ward
S.P.C.K.
Stanley Paul
The Bodley Head
The Studio
Victor Gollancz
Ward, Lock
Werner, Laurie
Wishart

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

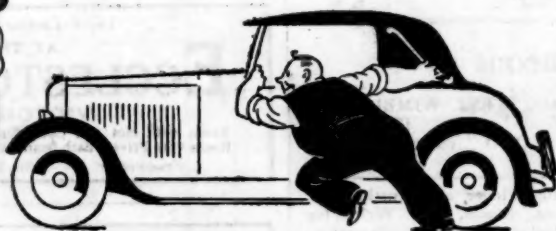
'BP'
RHYMES
OF THE
ROAD



**Little Miss Moffet
met a true prophet,**



These were the words he did say



**"'Plus' in your tank will
make you more tranquil,**



And keep engine trouble away!"

*The blue 'BP' plus definitely ensures:-
Instant starting + amazing acceleration +
more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful
hill-climbing + freedom from pinking*



ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD. BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION